

# MUSEUM

OF

## Foreign Literature and Science.

### LIFE AND CHARACTER OF MACKENZIE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[From Ballantyne's *Novelist's Library*.]

FOR the biographical part of the following memoir, we are chiefly indebted to a short sketch of the life of our distinguished contemporary, compiled from the most authentic sources, and prefixed to a beautiful duodecimo edition of *The Man of Feeling*, printed at Paris a few years since. We have had the farther advantage of correcting and enlarging the statements which it contains, from undoubted authority.

HENRY MACKENZIE, Esq. was born at Edinburgh, in August, 1745, on the same day on which Prince Charles Stuart landed in Scotland. His father was Dr. Joshua Mackenzie, of that city; and his mother, Margaret, the eldest daughter of Mr. Rose of Kilravock, of a very ancient family in Nairnshire. After being educated at the High-school and University of Edinburgh, Mr. Mackenzie, by the advice of some friends of his father, was artied to Mr. Inglis of Redhall, in order to acquire a knowledge of the business of the Exchequer, a law-department, in which he was likely to have fewer competitors than in any other in Scotland.

To this, although not perfectly compatible with that literary taste which he very early displayed, he applied with due diligence; and, in 1765, went to London, to study the modes of English Exchequer practice, which, as well as the constitution of the court, are similar in both countries. While there, his talents induced a friend to solicit his remaining in London, and qualifying himself for the English bar. But the anxious wishes of his family that he should reside with them, and the moderation of an unambitious mind, decided his return to Edinburgh: and here he became, first, partner, and afterwards successor, to Mr. Inglis, in the office of Attorney for the Crown.

His professional labour, however, did not prevent his attachment to literary pursuits. When in London, he sketched some part of his first, and very popular work, *The Man of Feeling*, which was published in 1771, without his name; and was so much a favourite with the public, as to become, a few years after, the occasion of a remarkable fraud. A Mr. Eccles, of Bath, observing that this work was accompanied by no author's name, laid claim to it, tran-

scribed the whole in his own hand, with blottings, interlineations, and corrections; and maintained his right with such plausible pertinacity, that Messrs. Cadell and Strachan, (Mr. Mackenzie's publishers,) found it necessary to undeceive the public by a formal contradiction.

In a few years after this, he published his *Man of the World*, which seems to be intended as a second part to *The Man of Feeling*. It breathes the same tone of exquisite moral delicacy, and of refined sensibility. In his former fiction, he imagined a hero constantly obedient to every emotion of his moral sense. In *The Man of the World*, he exhibited, on the contrary, a person rushing headlong into misery and ruin, and spreading misery all around him, by pursuing a happiness which he expected to obtain in defiance of the moral sense. His next production was *Julia de Roubigné*, a novel in a series of letters. The fable is very interesting, and the letters are written with great elegance and propriety of style.

In 1776, Mr. Mackenzie was married to Miss Penuel Grant, daughter of Sir Ludovick Grant, of Grant, Bart. and Lady Margaret Ogilvy, by whom he has a numerous family; the eldest of whom, Mr. Henry Joshua Mackenzie, has, while these sheets are passing the press, been called to the situation of a Judge of the Supreme Court of Session, with the unanimous approbation of his country.

In 1777 or 1778, a society of gentlemen, of Edinburgh, were accustomed at their meetings to read short essays of their composition, in the manner of the *Spectator*, and Mr. Mackenzie being admitted a member, after hearing several of them read, suggested the advantage of giving greater variety to their compositions by admitting some of a lighter kind, descriptive of common life and manners; and he exhibited some specimens of the kind in his own writing. From this arose the *Mirror*,\* a well-known periodical publication, to which Mr. Mackenzie performed the office of editor, and was also the principal contributor. The success of the *Mirror* naturally led Mr. Mackenzie and his friends to undertake the *Lounger*,† upon the same plan, which was not less read and admired.

When the Royal Society of Edinburgh was instituted, Mr. Mackenzie became one of its most active members, and he has occasionally enriched the volumes of its *Transactions* by his valuable communications; particularly by an elegant tribute to the memory of his friend, Judge Abercromby, and a memoir on German Tragedy. He is one of the original members of the Highland Society; and by him have been published the volumes of their *Transactions*, to which he has prefixed an account of the Institution and principal proceedings of the Society, and an interesting account of Gaelic poetry.

\* Begun the 23d January, 1779; ended 27th May, 1780.

† Begun 6th February, 1785; ended 6th January, 1787.

In the year 1792 he was one of those literary men who contributed some little occasional tracts to disabuse the lower orders of the people, led astray at that time by the prevailing frenzy of the French Revolution. In 1793 he wrote the *Life of Dr. Blacklock*, at the request of his widow, prefixed to a quarto edition of that blind poet's works. His intimacy with Blacklock gave him an opportunity of knowing the habits of his life, the bent of his mind, and the feelings peculiar to the privation of sight, under which Blacklock laboured.

The literary society of Edinburgh, in the latter part of last century, whose intimacy he enjoyed, is described in his *Life of John Home*, which he read to the Royal Society in 1812, and, as a sort of Supplement to that Life, he then added some Critical Essays, chiefly on Dramatic Poetry, which have not been published.

In 1808, Mr. Mackenzie published a complete edition of his works, in eight volumes octavo; including a tragedy, *The Spanish Father*, and a comedy, *The White Hypocrite*, which last was once performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden. The tragedy had never been represented, in consequence of Mr. Garrick's opinion, that the catastrophe was of too shocking a kind for the modern stage; though he owned the merit of the poetry, the force of some of the scenes, and the scope for fine action in the character of Alphonso, the leading person of the drama. In this edition also is given a carefully corrected copy of the tragedy of *The Prince of Tunis*, which had been represented at Edinburgh in 1763 with great success.

Among the prose compositions of Mr. Mackenzie, is a political tract, *An Account of the Proceedings of the Parliament of 1784*, which he was induced to write at the persuasion of his old and steady friend, Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville. It introduced him to the countenance and regard of Mr. Pitt, who revised the work with particular care and attention, and made several corrections in it with his own hand. Some years after, Mr. Mackenzie was appointed, on the recommendation of Lord Melville and Right Hon. George Rose, also his particular friend, to the office of Comptroller of the Taxes for Scotland, an appointment of very considerable labour and responsibility, and in discharging which this fanciful and ingenious author has shown his power of entering into and discussing the most dry and complicated details, when that became a matter of duty.

The time, we trust, is yet distant, when, speaking of this author as of those with whom his genius ranks him, a biographer may with delicacy trace his personal character and peculiarities, or record the manner in which he has discharged the duties of a citizen. When that hour shall arrive, we trust few of his own contemporaries will be left to mourn him; but we can anticipate the sorrow of

a later generation, when deprived of the wit which enlivened their hours of retirement, the benevolence which directed and encouraged their studies, and the wisdom which instructed them in their duties to society. It is enough to say here, that Mr. Mackenzie survives, venerable and venerated, as the last link of the chain which connects the Scottish literature of the present age with the period when there were giants in the land—the days of Robertson, and Hume, and Smith, and Home, and Clerk, and Fergusson; and that the remembrance of an æra so interesting could not have been intrusted to a sounder judgment, a more correct taste, or a more tenacious memory. It is much to be wished, that Mr. Mackenzie, taking a wider view of his earlier years than in the *Life of Home*, would place on a more permanent record some of the anecdotes and recollections with which he delights society. We are about to measure his capacity for the task by a singular standard, but it belongs to Mr. Mackenzie's character. He has, we believe, shot game of every description which Scotland contains, (deer, and probably grouse, excepted) on the very grounds at present occupied by the extensive and splendid streets of the New Town of Edinburgh; has sought for hares and wild-ducks, where there are now palaces, churches, and assembly-rooms; and has witnessed moral revolutions as surprising as this extraordinary change of local circumstances. These mutations in manners and in morals have been gradual indeed in their progress, but most important in their results, and they have been introduced into Scotland within the last half century. Every sketch of them, or of the circumstances by which they were produced, from the pen of so intelligent an observer, and whose opportunities of observation have been so extensive, would, however slight and detached, rival in utility and amusement any work of the present time.

As an author, Mr. Mackenzie has shown talents both for poetry and the drama. Indeed we are of opinion, that no man can succeed perfectly in the line of fictitious composition, without most of the properties of a poet, though he may be no writer of verses; but Mr. Mackenzie possesses the powers of melody in addition to those of conception. He has given a beautiful specimen of legendary poetry, in two little Highland ballads, a style of composition which becomes fashionable from time to time, on account of its simplicity and pathos, and then is again laid aside, when worn out by the servile imitators, to whom its approved facility offers its chief recommendation. But it is as a Novelist that we are now called on to consider our author's powers; and the universal and permanent popularity of his writing entitles us to rank him among the most distinguished of his class. His works possess the rare and invaluable property of originality, to which all other qualities are as dust in the balance; and the sources to which he resorts to excite our interest, are rendered accessible by a path peculiarly his own. The reader's attention is not rivetted, as in Fielding's works, by strongly marked character, and the lucid evolution



of a well-constructed fable; or as in Smollett's novels, by broad and strong humour, and a decisively superior knowledge of human life in all its varieties; nor, to mention authors whom Mackenzie more nearly resembles, does he attain the pathetic effect which is the object of all three, in the same manner as Richardson, or as Sterne. An accumulation of circumstances, sometimes amounting to tediousness, a combination of minutely traced events, with an ample commentary on each, were thought necessary by Richardson to excite and prepare the mind of the reader for the affecting scenes which he has occasionally touched with such force; and without denying him his due merit, it must be allowed that he has employed preparatory volumes in accomplishing what has cost Mackenzie and Sterne only a few pages, perhaps only a few sentences.

On the other hand, although the two last named authors have, in particular passages, a more strong resemblance to each other than those formerly named, yet there remain such essential points of difference betwixt them, as must secure for Mackenzie the praise of originality, which we have claimed for him. It is needless to point out to the reader the difference between the general character of their writings, or how far the chaste, correct, almost studiously decorous manner and style of the works of the author of *The Man of Feeling*, differ from the wild wit, and intrepid contempt at once of decency, and regularity of composition, which distinguish *Tristram Shandy*. It is not in the general conduct or style of their works that they in the slightest degree approach; nay, no two authors in the British language can be more distinct. But even in the particular passages where both had in view to excite the reader's pathetic sympathy, the modes resorted to are different. The pathos of Sterne in some degree resembles his humour, and is seldom attained by simple means; a wild, fanciful, beautiful flight of thought and expression is remarkable in the former, as an extravagant, burlesque, and ludicrous strain of thought and language characterizes the latter. The celebrated passage, where the tear of the recording Angel blots the profane oath of Uncle Toby out of the register of heaven, a flight so poetically fanciful as to be stretched to the very verge of extravagance, will illustrate our position. To attain his object—that is, to make us thoroughly sympathize with the excited state of mind which betrays Uncle Toby into the indecorous assertion which forms the ground-work of the whole—the author calls Heaven and Hell into the lists, and represents, in a fine poetic frenzy, its effects on the accusing Spirit and the registering Angel. Let this be contrasted with the fine tale of *La Roche*, in which Mackenzie has described, with such unexampled delicacy, and powerful effect, the sublime scene of the sorrows and resignation of the deprived father. This also is painted reflectively: that is, the reader's sympathy is excited by the effect produced on one of the drama, neither angel nor devil, but a philosopher, whose heart remains sensitive, though his studies have

misled his mind into the frozen regions of scepticism. To say nothing of the tendency of the two passages, which will scarce, in the mind of the most unthinking, bear any comparison, we would only remark, that Mackenzie has given us a moral truth, Sterne a beautiful trope; and that if the one claims the palm of superior brilliancy of imagination, that due to nature and accuracy of human feeling must abide with the Scottish author.

Yet while marking this broad and distinct difference between these two authors, the most celebrated certainly among those who are termed sentimental, it is but fair to Sterne to add, that although Mackenzie has rejected his license of wit, and flights of imagination, retrenched, in a great measure, his episodical digressions, and altogether banished the indecency and buffoonery to which he had too frequent recourse, still their volumes must be accounted as belonging to the same class; and amongst the thousand imitators who have pursued their path, we cannot recollect one English author who is entitled to the same honour. The foreign authors, Roccoboni and Marivaux, belong to the same department; but of the former we remember little, and the latter, though full of the most delicate touches, often depends for effect on the turn of phrase, and the protracted embarrassments of artificial gallantry, more than upon the truth and simplicity of nature. The *Heloise* and *Emile* partake of the insanity of their author, and are exaggerated, though most eloquent, descriptions of overwhelming passion, rather than works of sentiment.

In future compositions, the author dropped even that resemblance which the style of the *The Man of Feeling* bears, in some particulars, to the works of Sterne; and his country may boast, that, in one instance at least, she has produced, in Mackenzie, a writer of pure musical Addisonian prose, which retains the quality of vigour, without forfeiting that of clearness and simplicity.

We are hence led to observe, that the principal object of Mackenzie, in all his novels, has been to reach and sustain a tone of moral pathos, by representing the effect of incidents, whether important or trifling, upon the human mind, and especially on those which were not only just, honourable, and intelligent, but so framed as to be responsive to those finer feelings, to which ordinary hearts are callous. This is the direct and professed object of Mackenzie's first work, which is in fact no narrative, but a series of successive incidents, each rendered interesting by the mode in which they operate on the feelings of Harley. The attempt had been perilous in a meaner hand; for, sketched by a pencil less nicely discriminating, Harley, instead of a being whom we love, respect, sympathize with, and admire, had become the mere Quixote of sentiment, an object of pity perhaps, but of ridicule at the same time. Against this the author has guarded with great skill; and while duped and swindled in London, Harley neither loses our consideration as a man of sense and spirit, nor is subjected to that degree of contempt with which readers in general regard the mis-

adventures of a novice upon town, whilst they hug themselves in their own superior knowledge of the world. Harley's spirited conduct towards an impertinent passenger in the stage-coach, and his start of animated indignation on listening to Edwards's story, are skilfully thrown in, to satisfy the reader that his softness and gentleness of temper were not allied to effeminacy; and that he dared, on suitable occasions, do all that might become a man. We have heard that some of Harley's feelings were taken from those of the author himself, when, at his first entrance on the dry and barbarous study of municipal law, he was looking back, like Blackstone, on the land of the Muses, which he was condemned to leave behind him. It has also been said, that the fine sketch of Miss Walton was taken from the heiress of a family of distinction, who ranked at that time high in the Scottish fashionable world. But such surmises are little worth the tracing; for we believe no original character was ever composed by any author, without the idea having been previously suggested by something which he had observed in nature.

The other novels of Mr. Mackenzie, although assuming a more regular and narrative form, are, like *The Man of Feeling*, rather the history of effects produced on the human mind by a series of events, than the narrative of those events themselves. The villany of Sindall is the tale of a heart hardened to selfishness, by incessant and unlimited gratification of the external senses; a contrast to that of Harley, whose mental feelings have acquired such an ascendancy as to render him unfit for the ordinary business of life. The picture of the former is so horrid, that we would be disposed to deny its truth, did we not unhappily know, that sensual indulgence, in the words of Burns,

—————"hardens a' within,  
And petrifies the feelings;"

and that there never did, and never will exist, any thing permanently noble and excellent in a character, which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial. The history of the victims of Sindall's arts and crimes, particularly the early history of the Annesleys, is exquisitely well drawn; and, perhaps, the scene between the brother and sister by the pond, equals any part of the author's writings. Should the reader doubt this, he may easily make the experiment, by putting it into the hands of any young person of feeling and intelligence, and of an age so early as not to have forgotten the sports and passions of childhood.

The beautiful and tragic tale of *Julia de Roubigné*, is of a very different tenor from *The Man of the World*; and we have good authority for thinking, that it was written in some degree as a counterpart to the latter work. A friend of the author, the celebrated Lord Kames, we believe, had represented to Mr. Mackenzie, in how many poems, plays, and novels, the distress of the piece is made to turn upon the designing villany of some one of the

dramatis persone. On considering his observations, the author undertook, as a task fit for his genius, the composition of a story, in which the characters should be all naturally virtuous, and where the calamities of the catastrophe should arise, as frequently happens in actual life, not out of schemes of premeditated villany, but from the excess and over-indulgence of passions and feelings, in themselves blameless, nay, praiseworthy, but which, encouraged to a morbid excess, and coming into fatal though fortuitous concurrence with each other, lead to the most disastrous consequences. Mr. Mackenzie executed his purpose; and as the plan fell in most happily with the views of a writer, whose object was less to describe external objects, than to read a lesson on the human heart, he has produced one of the most heart-wringing histories which has ever been written. The very circumstances which palliate the errors of the sufferers, in whose distress we interest ourselves, point out to the reader that there is neither hope, remedy, nor revenge. When a Lovelace or a Sindall comes forth like an Evil Principle, the agent of all the misery of the scene, we see a chance of their artifices being detected, at least the victims have the consciousness of innocence, the reader the stern hope of vengeance. But when, as in *Julia de Roubigné*, the revival of mutual affection on the part of two pure and amiable beings, imprudently and incautiously indulged, awakens, and not unjustly, the jealous honour of a high-spirited husband,—when we see Julia precipitated into misery by her preference of filial duty to early love,—Lavillen, by his faithful and tender attachment to a deserving object—and Montauban, by a jealous regard to his spotless fame,—we are made aware, at the same time, that there is no hope of aught but the most unhappy catastrophe. The side of each sufferer is pierced by the very staff on which he leant, and the natural and virtuous feelings which they at first most legitimately indulged, precipitate them into error, crimes, remorse, and misery. The cruelty to which Montauban is hurried, may, perhaps, be supposed to exempt him from our sympathy, especially in an age when such crimes as that of which Julia is suspected, are usually borne by the injured parties with more equanimity than her husband displays. But the irritable habits of the time, and of his Spanish descent, must plead the apology of Montauban, as they are admitted to form that of Othello. Perhaps, on the whole, *Julia de Roubigné* gives the reader too much actual pain to be so generally popular as *The Man of Feeling*, since we have found its superiority to that beautiful essay on human sensibility, often disputed by those whose taste we are in general inclined to defer to. The very acute feelings which the work usually excites among the readers whose sympathies are liable to be awakened by scenes of fictitious distress, we are disposed to ascribe to the extreme accuracy and truth of the sentiments, as well as to the beautiful manner in which they are expressed. There are few, who have not had, at one period of life, disappointments of the heart to mourn over; and we know no book-

which recalls the recollection of such more severely than *Julia de Roubigné*.

We return to consider the key-note, as we may term it, on which Mackenzie has formed his tales of fictitious wo, and which we have repeatedly described to be the illustration of the nicer and finer sensibilities of the human breast. To attain this point, and to place it in the strongest and most unbroken light, the author seems to have kept the other faculties with which we know him to be gifted, in careful subordination. The Northern Addison, who revived the art of periodical writing, and sketched, though with a light pencil, the follies and the lesser vices of his time, has showed himself a master of playful satire. The historian of the Homespun Family, may place his narrative, without fear of shame, by the side of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Colonel Caustic and Umfraville are masterly conceptions of the *laudator temporis acti*; and many personages in those papers which Mr. Mackenzie contributed to, the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, attest with what truth, spirit, and ease he could describe, assume, and sustain, a variety of characters. The beautiful landscape-painting which he has exhibited in many passages, (take, for example, that where the country-seat of the old Scottish lady and its accompaniments are so exquisitely delineated,) assures us of the accuracy and delicacy of his touch in delineating the beauties of nature.

But all these powerful talents, any single one of which might have sufficed to bring men of more bounded powers into notice, have been by Mackenzie carefully subjected to the principal object which he proposed to himself—the delineation of the human heart. Variety of character he has introduced sparingly, and has seldom recourse to any peculiarity of incident, availing himself generally of those which may be considered as common property to all writers of romance. His sense of the beauties of nature, and his power of describing them, are carefully *kept down*, to use the expression of the artists; and like the single straggling bough, which shades the face of his sleeping veteran, just introduced to relieve his principal object, but not to rival it. It cannot be termed an exception to this rule, though certainly a peculiarity of this author, that on all occasions where sylvan sports can be introduced, he displays an intimate familiarity with them, and, from personal habits, to which we have elsewhere alluded, shows a delight to dwell for an instant upon a favourite topic.

Lastly, The wit which sparkles in his periodical Essays and, we believe, in his private conversation, shows itself but little in his Novels; and, although his peculiar vein of humour may be much more frequently traced, yet it is so softened down, and divested of the broad ludicrous, that it harmonizes with the most grave and affecting parts of the tale, and becomes, like the satire of Jacques, only a more humorous shade of melancholy. In short, Mackenzie aimed at being the historian of feeling, and has succeeded in the object of his ambition. But as mankind are never contented, and



as critics are certainly no exception to a rule so general, we could wish that, without losing or altering a line our author has written, he had condescended to give us, in addition to his stores of sentiment,—a romance on life and manners, by which, we are convinced, he would have twisted another branch of laurel into his garland. However, as Sebastian expresses it,

“What had been, is unknown; what is, appears.”

We must be proudly satisfied with what we have received, and happy that, in this line of composition, we can boast a living author, of excellence like that of Henry Mackenzie.

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FROM THE UNIVERSAL REVIEW.

*Henry the Great, and the Court of France, during his Reign.*  
2 Vols. 8vo. London. Harding, Triphook, and Co. 1824.

THERE exists an odious wish in the present day to deprive history of much of its dignity, in order to please our languid students. The important fact is to be omitted, if an alluring shape cannot be given to it; the weighty truth is to be kept in shade, lest its severity should startle our nerves; historic painting is to give place to portraiture; the annals of a world to the life of an individual. Events are not to be described with simplicity and truth, each actor being allowed his just proportion and presence; but the interest is made to centre in a single person; he is a hero, the light falls on him. We are no longer to sit at the footstool of the historian, listening with reverence to his narrative and deductions; for, instead of valuing him in proportion to the number and momentousness of the truths which he communicates, we are taught to estimate him by the mere amusement which he affords us. The French began this custom of mocking the grave historic muse: history with them is a romance, and the intrigues of a court are more important than the welfare of the nation. They break the annals of the world into fragments; nothing is seen in connexion; every thing is out of proportion. The example of this memoir-writing people was followed some years ago by one Blackwall, a Scotsman, who tricked out the Roman history in French frippery, and published a book called “Memoirs of the Court of Augustus.” The just habits of thinking among our fathers were offended at the audacity of this writer, the majesty of Rome was vindicated, and the work was despised. For many years no other person made a new attempt to degrade historical literature. But now a very numerous class of writers have revived the fashion of this Scot. We have no longer histories of nations, but descriptions of courts; a Lord Chamberlain, and not Clio, is now our guide. The moral and political state of the country is like a landscape in the back-ground of a portrait; every thing is made to give effect to the principal figure,



and no matter if the drawing be incorrect, so that the colouring be showy.

The writers of works of this description are for the most part people of very indolent habits. To collect knowledge from various and distant sources; to hear, to judge, to distinguish the different shades of evidence; to mark out the reciprocal influence of the wisdom of the statesmen, and the actions of the people, are tasks from which their feeble diligence shrinks. Their pages are barren of vigorous research, and philosophical investigation, and they could discover the source of the Niger as easily as trace circumstances to their moral causes.

Of this class is the veiled author of the *Memoirs of Henry the Great and his Court*. He has read some common books on the history of France, but with such careless consideration, that he quotes Brantome, that "liar of the first magnitude," with the same confidence with which he appeals to the wise De Thou. His style is strangely embarrassed: and his wish to gratify those idle readers, who complain of the fatigue of notes, has led him to form the most preposterous connexions in his text. He tells us, that towards the conclusion of the sixteenth century.

"Madame de Beaufort (the fair and foul Gabrielle), was brought to bed of Catharine Henrietta, who, in 1619, espoused Charles de Lorraine, Duke d'Elbœuf. After the birth of this daughter, the marchioness caused her marriage with the Lord de Liancourt to be annulled; subsequently to which she gave birth to Alexander de Vendome, commonly called Grand Prior of France, who died a prisoner in the castle of Vincennes, under the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, that monarch having ordered his imprisonment."

Now in these two sentences there are two accouchements, a marriage, a divorce, and a death: events of all ages and times are brought together in the same picture, as in the old Missals the same illumination represents the creation and the day of judgment.

This author's work was not at all wanted: we would recommend, however, to some man of literary intelligence, to translate Sully's *Memoirs* anew. It is high time for the best known of the existing translations to be destroyed. It was made by Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, one of Dr. Johnson's Platonic coterie: but it is faulty in almost every other page. A good translation, illustrated with sensible notes, would find a place in the biographical shelf of every library. Notes are indispensable; for Sully often passes over important circumstances, supposing his readers to be acquainted with them; and though he is as faithful a chronicler as Shakspeare's Griffith, yet, like every man, he had his partialities and prepossessions. A remark of Lord Grenville, upon our own Lord Clarendon, will set this matter in a clearer light.

"When a statesman traces, for the instruction of posterity, the living images of the men and manners of his time, the passions by which he has himself been agitated, and the revolutions in which his own life and fortunes are involved, the pictures will doubtless retain a strong impression of the mind, the character, and the opi-

nions of the author. But there will always be a wide interval between the bias of sincere conviction, and the dishonesty of intentional misrepresentation."

The writer of the volumes before us (gloomy must have been the court of Henry, if he has reflected its true colours,) is so fond of his hero, as to regret that the spot is not known where his mother discovered that she was pregnant of him. The French have presumed it must have taken place in a camp, arguing that it was but just that he who was destined to become an extraordinary soldier, should receive his existence in a camp, amidst the clangour of trumpets, and the roar of cannon, like a true offspring of Mars. We wonder that the French writers did not introduce Venus on the scene, for she had as much to do with the life of Henry as the god of war. We care nothing, however, for this physical inquiry. It is sufficient for us to know that Henry was born at Pau, in Bearn, on the 13th of December, 1553. His talents for politics and war were of no ordinary power. His troops were drawn from various countries; their faiths were of great diversity; and yet, when men could scarcely tolerate the slightest difference of opinion on religious matters, Henry kept them united. Above all other men he knew the mode of conciliating the proud, and repressing the insolent. His fine and ingenuous countenance, his frank and lively manner, his amiable and forgiving nature, won him the favour of the noble-minded, and put to shame the arrogance of aristocratical haughtiness. There was much grandeur of soul in Henry.

"Colonel Thische, otherwise named Schomberg, who commanded the German troops, had, some days before, demanded the arrears of pay due to his men; which the king being unable to liquidate, made the following hasty reply: '*A man of courage never yet required money on the eve of a battle.*' This offensive remark came to Henry's mind at the moment previous to the conflict; when, approaching the German commander, in presence of the whole army, he expressed himself in the following terms, and in an elevated tone of voice: '*M. de Schomberg, I have offended you: this may perhaps prove the last day of my existence; I am unwilling that any imputation upon my part should attach itself to the honour of a gentleman: I well know your courage and worth, and I beg that you will pardon and embrace me.*' — 'Sire,' answered Schomberg, '*it is true your Majesty wounded me the other day; and at the present time you kill me, since the honour now conferred obliges me to die in your service upon the present occasion.*' This courageous officer too fatally performed his promise, being numbered with the slain, while valiantly fighting at the side of the king." Vol. I. p. 470.

His martial nature was formed in the finest mould of chivalry. He

"Published an open defiance to the Duke of Guise, wherein he stated, among other things, '*That to spare the effusion of blood, to prevent the desolation of the poor, and the numerous disorders necessarily attendant upon war, he offered the Duke of Guise, chief of the League, to terminate that quarrel, either individually, two to two, ten to ten, or such a number as he should decide, with weapons used between honourable cavaliers, either in the kingdom, or in such place as his Majesty should order, or the Duke of Guise select.*' This declaration produced a great sensation at a period when a martial spirit was the prevailing sentiment of all. The nobility very justly extolled this chivalric proceeding on the part of Henry of Navarre, because it was in every respect consonant with the character and conduct of that prince. Every one stated, that the duke ought not to refuse so great an honour; but the latter, unwilling to commit his cause to a personal quarrel, wisely returned for answer.

that he revered the princes of the royal blood; that he individually esteemed the King of Navarre; that he had no dispute to terminate with him, being solely interested for the preservation of the Catholic religion, which was in danger, as the tranquillity of the state absolutely depended on a unity of religious sentiment. As the duke's courage was by no means problematical, the moderation of this reply, which gratified all parties, was universally extolled." Vol. I. p. 315.

There was, as might have been expected from this chivalric tone of manners, more fair dealing in his conduct, than in the politics of most of his contemporary sovereigns. The Machiavelian doctrines, which the Medici had introduced into France, found no patronage from him. He was adroit, skilful, and persevering in business, and his eye penetrated in every corner of the state. His literary attainments were not inconsiderable, but it is more interesting to observe him as the friend of literary men. The following anecdotes are characteristic of Henry's mind.

"Henry wrote with his own hand to the celebrated Casaubon, to engage that literary character to establish himself in France with his family; he was also desirous of fixing young Grotius at Paris, whose dawning reputation began to expand over the Low Countries, and who in the course of his writings takes pride to himself for having touched the victorious and generous hand of the hero of France. Among other literary characters who were benefited by this prince, may be enumerated Cayet, Le Febvre, Justus Lipsius (who, with Scaliger and Casaubon, constituted what was termed the triumvirate of literature); Fenouillet, one of the greatest orators of that period, whom Henry raised to the bishopric of Montpellier; the eloquent Francis de Sales, whose morals and irreproachable life he admired equally with his pious and touching productions; Coeffeteau, who in the austerity of the cloister conferred such signal benefits on literature; cardinals d'Ossat and du Perron; Bertaute, bishop of Seez, known for his pleasing vein of poetry, who in one of his discourses states, that *Henry never gained the knowledge of any praiseworthy individual, out of his kingdom, and in particular to be admired on the score of letters, but that he favoured him by granting some pension.* Prefixe adds, that he also settled sums upon several learned men in Italy, Germany, and Holland, and that he took care such allowances should be punctually liquidated. He was no less munificent to Pasquier, St. Marthe, and De Thou, so justly renowned for his many rare qualifications as a laborious and authentic narrator of facts. Henry selected for his historian Peter Mathieu, although that writer had previously figured as a most furious leaguer; at which period he produced a tragedy entitled *Guinade*, wherein he had insulted the King of Navarre in the grossest manner. Henry however forgot his couplets and the injuries heaped upon himself, and he had no cause to repent; for from that period Mathieu was entirely devoted to his service. The prince being one day occupied in hearing the perusal of a portion of his own history as recorded by the writer in question, wherein he spoke of Henry's predilection for the fair sex; the latter stopped Mathieu in order to inquire what necessity there was to make known his weaknesses: upon which the historian represented that it was his bounden duty, as a recorder of historical facts, not to omit any thing; upon which, after a few moments' reflection, the prince replied, '*True, it is requisite you should speak the whole truth; for were you to remain silent as to my faults, no one would credit the rest. Be it so, then; let them stand upon record, and above all that my son may learn how to avoid them.*' The prince was no less the patron of poets, having conferred his favours on Regnier and Desportes, while his knowledge of Malherbe, whose verses tended so much to establish the French language on a permanent basis, was acquired in the following manner.

"During the journey to Lyons, undertaken by the king in 1601, conversing one day with cardinal Perron on the subject of poetry, he inquired of that ecclesiastic whether he still accustomed himself to make verses; to which the cardinal replied, that since his majesty had honoured him with an employment of a public nature, he had abandoned the Muses; independent of which it was high time he should give up poetry, since a Norman gentleman established in Provence, of the name of Malherbe, had carried French versification to such a pitch, that it was impossible any person could approach him. The king in consequence treasured up

the name of Malherbe, and frequently spoke concerning that writer to Mr. Desyvetaux, who was then tutor of the duke de Vendôme. In 1605, Malherbe being called to Paris on his own private affairs, the preceptor of the prince seized that favourable opportunity to make the circumstance known to Henry, who accordingly invited him to court. The king being at that period on the eve of setting out for Limousin, ordered the poet to write some verses on the subject, which Malherbe presented on the monarch's return, who was so charmed with the production that he commanded Bellegarde, his grand equerry, to provide for him until he should have a regular pension awarded; shortly after which, Malherbe enjoyed the title of gentleman in ordinary of the king's chamber.

"Charles, surnamed the Wise, was the founder of the Royal Library at Paris; and his having collected together nine hundred volumes, was at that period looked upon as a prodigy. Francis the First augmented that literary store with all the Greek manuscripts he could procure, which he even despatched emissaries to the East to purchase. During the civil wars the library was pillaged and dispersed, by the ignorant and fanatical members of the League, who appropriated to their own use those precious spoils. Henry the Fourth, who was destined to put a stop to such plunderings, and repair every public ill, gathered up the scattered remains of that literary store, adding thereto his library of Vendôme, and commanding the purchase of new books. Catherine de Medicis had left a very rich library in Italy, particularly abounding in Greek manuscripts, being the residue of the famous Medici collection: this, Henry also paid for, and united to the Royal Library; added to which, purchases were made in the empire of Morocco; the learned Stephen Hubert, professor of the Greek language, and subsequently the king's physician, being deputed upon that honourable mission, with the title of agent.—The same person was afterwards despatched to Spain, to collect the best writings on medicine and morality, together with works of imagination composed by the Arabians. These various acquisitions comprise a large portion of the most precious relics now preserved in the Royal Library at Paris; and it must consequently be allowed, that the learned of the present day are not a little indebted to the liberality of Henry the Great, in a literary point of view." Vol. II. p. 451.

All is hitherto fair and brilliant; the mirror of his character appears unsullied. It is contrary to reason and fact to contend that bravery and personal impurity are necessarily united. Hannibal, Drusus, and Aurelian, among the ancients; Du Gueselin and Bayard among the knights of chivalry; Tilly and Turenne of the hosts of modern war, were as much distinguished for their virtue as their courage. Henry's amours were perpetually in the way of his duty. While he was king of Navarre, he lost all the benefits of the victory of Coutras, for nothing could detain him from visiting his mistress; and some years afterwards he was accompanied by the fair Gabrielle d'Estrées, at Amiens, till the murmurs of the soldiers, and the remonstrances of Biron compelled him to send her away. And yet our author strangely tells us, (Vol. I. p. 309) that Henry's morals were never dissolute, and that his amours produced no influence on public affairs. The king was not one of those men whose hearts are purified and whose thoughts enlarged by love. With Henry love was a pestilence: it swept away all the virtues of his mind, and left in their stead falsehood, duplicity, and all the meaner vices. In his passion he had no delicacy, no imagination, no principle. He seemed to consider the whole female population of France as his property; marriage formed no safeguard, at the very moment he was boasting in familiar discourse, and public proclamation, that the happiness, both political and private, of France, was the dearest object of his heart. When under the influence of

his passions he forgot all the dignity of his station. He would disguise himself in the dress of a countryman, and carry a sack of straw on his shoulders, in order to indulge in some gross intrigue. Nothing could be more degrading than his conduct regarding his wife, Margaret de Valois. He had the clearest demonstration of her guilt, and yet they lived together as man and wife; and he used to amuse himself with her in private, in reading the billets of her lovers. And all these matters he detailed in a manifesto on the subject of his divorce; and as our author is skilled in casuistry, he thinks that a divorce could not in justice be refused.

For the sake of the fair Gabrielle Henry would have surrendered the dignity of the French crown. As a description of her, we prefer the language of old Anthony du Verdier to the "three piled hyperboles" of all the sonnetteers and romance writers of the time. "Her face," says that amusing old writer, "was rather long, and her look disdainful; but her complexion and skin were of the most dazzling lustre, the white being mingled with a natural vermilion tint of brilliant splendour, glossy and transparent as a pearl." "In short," continued Anthony, for his passion urged his fancy still further into the land of simile, "her complexion appeared pure as the limpid stream, and possessed the freshness of an egg which has just been laid." She was not, however, exactly fit to have been Cæsar's wife.

"He certainly entertained suspicions, but his mistress was so prodigal in her caresses and protestations of fidelity, that she dissipated all surmises from his mind. Notwithstanding these precautions, however, a discovery was on the point of taking place, the facts being as follow: Henry wrote to Gabrielle, desiring that she would join him, with which the fair acquiesced; when some business of importance suddenly struck the monarch, and he therefore set off at an early hour in the morning, leaving his mistress in bed, who pleaded indisposition. Bellegarde, to answer his own purposes, spread the report that Henry was on his route to Mantes, upon whose departure La Rousse, the confidant of Gabrielle, of whom Sully gives such an unfavourable description, introduced Bellegarde into his mistress's private study, of which he alone had the key, and then conducted him to Gabrielle's apartment. Scarcely had the lovers met, when the king, having found some obstacles to the execution of his designs, returned, and thus placed his mistress and the duke in a very perilous predicament. Upon the first alarm, La Rousse, who was always fertile in expedients, hurried Bellegarde into the study, which was so situated, that the window looked out upon a garden. No sooner had the monarch entered, than he desired to have some sweetmeats; and as he knew that La Rousse kept them in the study, he demanded the key; which the artful confidant pretended to have mislaid, in order to give the duke time to escape: and while the monarch raged against the attendant, madame Gabrielle solicited that he would moderate his anger, as the noise he made increased the pain she endured in her head. Henry at length felt his suspicions awakened, and in consequence his fury knew no bounds, when Bellegarde, who overheard every thing, being convinced that in case of discovery he was irretrievably lost, opened the window and jumped down into the garden; where, notwithstanding the height, he alighted without sustaining the slightest injury. La Rousse, who kept sentry, was no sooner aware of his having quitted the study, than he returned apparently out of breath, and, uttering many excuses, unlocked the door, and presented the king with what he had required.

"Henry, astonished at finding nobody in the closet, could scarcely credit his senses, believing that Bellegarde possessed the power of rendering himself invisible. Gabrielle, who had continued mute from apprehension, became emboldened on witnessing Henry's astonishment, and then began to upbraid him in the most



bitter terms, concluding thus, while her delivery was impeded by sighs and sobs: 'I am well aware, Sire, that your love is on the wane; spare yourself the pain of seeking to create a quarrel, which will enable you to abandon me. I am resolved to anticipate you, and to join my husband; it is necessary that confidence should be reciprocal in affection; and since you do not love me sufficiently to be convinced of my fidelity, I ought at least to prove myself generous enough to tranquillize your mind by a speedy retreat.'

"You do me great injustice, my beloved child," answered the king: 'are you not aware that a little jealousy is the certain concomitant of love the most pure and violent? If I esteemed and cherished you less, I should not be so afraid of losing you; however, since my conduct offends, I promise you never more to be jealous. I deserve all your anger, my beloved; but certainly I am not unworthy of grace, since I here confess my fault at your feet.'

"Gabrielle, then casting one of her languishing and eloquent glances towards the monarch, which was more emphatic than words, thus sealed his forgiveness; and so fearful was the prince lest she should put her threat into execution, that a considerable period elapsed ere he again testified any marks of suspicion." Vol. II. p. 166.

He wished to marry her even when he was in possession of proofs of her infidelity to himself. His infatuation was so ridiculous that he allowed her a seat in the public councils. When the divorce from Margaret of Valois was in agitation, the ambitious Gabrielle declared herself a candidate for the royal seat in the case of a vacancy. Sully, of course, opposed her, and her anger was violent and bitter against the virtuous minister.

"Henry, afflicted at their enmity, was desirous of effecting a reconciliation; for which purpose he conducted Rosny to the residence of the duchess, who, presuming too much on the ascendancy she had obtained over the king, treated the minister in the first instance with disdainful haughtiness, and in the sequel gave vent to violent passion; upon which Henry remarked, 'that the original cause of his attachment towards her was a gentleness which he had conceived she possessed, but that he had for some time remarked such was not the case; but that she would strangely deceive herself if she imagined he could sacrifice such a faithful friend, and he therefore commanded her to get the better of her hatred towards him, and only be guided in future by his advice.'

"Scarcely had the monarch concluded, when his mistress gave vent to a string of reproaches, particularly directed against Rosny; when, after exhausting all her abuse and calumnies, Henry, who had suffered her to continue without interruption, made this reply in a reserved and cold manner: 'I see, madam, that you have been schooled to all this in order to compel me to dismiss a faithful friend, whose services are absolutely essential to me. You know me but little; for I declare that were I reduced to the necessity of choosing which of the two I must lose, I could more easily do without ten mistresses such as yourself, than one servant like him.'

"This fulminating reply completely silenced the duchess; she lost all her haughtiness, became humble, and even supplicated, and then burst into tears; when, seeing the king on the point of retiring to leave her, perhaps for ever, she ran to intercept his passage, threw herself at his feet, declaring that she would never have any other will than his own, and then turning to Rosny, entreated that he would excuse the violence of temper she had manifested, for which she expressed her sorrow. Henry, softened, promised to forget the past, and having quitted the duchess's apartment, he took Rosny by the hand, and pressing it with peculiar energy, exclaimed, 'Well, my friend, did I not stick out boldly?'

"From that day," says Rosny, 'the duchess displayed so much amenity and consideration towards me, that she soon acquired all her former influence over Henry's heart, who only attributed her conduct to the bad advice she had received.' Vol. II. p. 310.

And yet Henry, the Great, never let this epithet be forgotten; Henry the Great did not abandon his wish of marrying her. The



firmness of Sully saved France and its sovereign from this indignity, and Henry was compelled to marry Mary de Medici. Whatever was the state of the king's affairs, his court was always brilliant and licentious; the ladies were gay and amorous, and a brave old soldier was provoked into the exclamation, "that whatever might take place, it was always requisite the ball should be attended to." In such society we do not wonder that Henry did not breathe his sighs in vain. One lady, indeed, opposed him, and it was, we suppose, she that was alluded to by the Copper Captain, in Beaumont and Fletcher, who, on being asked if he had ever seen any virtuous women, replied, that he had read of one, once. The Lucretia of the court of France was Catherine de Rohan, duchess of Deux Ponts, who nobly declared to her sovereign, "I am too poor to rank as your wife, and of too exalted a house to debase myself by becoming your mistress."

The ladies rule every thing in France, and to Gabrielle has been ascribed the credit of converting Henry from Calvinism to popery. There is no proof that the king made any sacrifices by this change. Sully, indeed, states his conviction, that as uprightness and sincerity were the principles of his soul, he was persuaded that nothing could persuade him to embrace a religion which he internally despised, or had even doubted. This was a very liberal, or a very politic assertion of the minister; but those changes of religion, at the precise moment when interest demands them, are suspicious things. Ambition and love seem to have erased every impression of religion from the mind of Henry. "Paris was well worth a mass," as he used to say. In the jest of the time, he thought that the "best cannon he had ever employed was the canon of the mass," through means of which he acquired his kingdom. He was more famous for his wit on religion, than for his possession of religious principle. When the question of his conversion from the Reformed to the Roman Catholic religion was argued by ecclesiastics of both systems, a Calvinist admitted the possibility of salvation in the opposite faith. The king remarked, with the adroitness of a controversialist rather than with the seriousness of an honest inquirer, that prudence required him to adopt his new religion, for though in professing Calvinism he would be saved, according to that system, yet as he would be damned, according to Catholicism, reason urged him to adopt a faith which both parties admitted led to salvation.

But we must conclude, for there is nothing in the volumes before us worthy of a prolonged criticism. They are, in truth, not much more than an amplification of the common articles on Henry, in biographical dictionaries. The private and personal character of that monarch left scarcely any impression on his age; but his political conduct had abundant influence on the fate of Europe. The Reformation was opposed by the League of Catholic princes, and if that unholy alliance had finally prospered, Europe would have been plunged into its ancient night of barbarism and tyranny: on

the side of the Protestants were arrayed the princes of Navarre and Condé. The family of Valois, and the princes of Lorraine and Guise represented the League. Elizabeth of England, and Philip of Spain, were the allies of the respective parties. Finally the League was broken, the cause of civil and religious liberty was saved, and he who, under Providence, effected the deliverance of Europe, was Henry the Fourth.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

*A Syrian Tale.*

NOT far from the banks of the Orontes, and aloof from any other habitation, stood a Syrian cottage, where dwelt a peasant, his wife, and only son. It was the daily employment of the latter to lead the few sheep of his father to the hills, where the wild and sweet notes of his Syrian pipe often cheered the traveller on his way: the caravans travelling from Damascus to Bagdad sometimes passed by, and purchased of his father's flock; and nothing could exceed the joy of Semid when he heard the camel bell, and the mournful chaunt of the Arab driver, and saw the long train of the caravan winding up the mountain path. He would then listen with delight to the tales of these travellers of the desert, and longed to accompany them on their way; but when he returned to the cottage at night, when the fire was kindled on the rude floor, the unleavened cake baked in the embers, and the milk, fruit, and honey from the hills, formed their repast; when he heard his parents say, in words of affection, that he was their only support and joy, he reproached himself for having ever cherished the thought of leaving them. But one night there arose a violent storm; the Orontes overflowed its banks, the blast came wild and furious from the desert beyond, and moaned through the lonely group of fig-trees around the cottage with a sound as of destruction. Amidst the darkness and the beating of the rain was heard a voice of distress that seemed to implore admission and shelter. Semid arose, and on opening the door, a venerable man entered, whose green turban and toil-worn features proclaimed him to be a Hadgi, or pilgrim from Mecca; his beard descended nearly to his girdle, and overcome by fatigue and the violence of the storm, he threw himself on the coarse carpet which was spread for him, and hung over the blazing fire; and when he had drunk of the coffee presented him, his faded looks brightened with joy, and at last he broke silence, and gave the blessing of a Hadgi, and adored the goodness of Allah. The storm was hushed, the moon-light came through the lattice window of the cottage: the pilgrim knelt, and folding his hands on his breast—he prayed, fixing his eyes on earth, with intense devotion; he thrice pressed his forehead on

the ground, and then stood, with his face to Mecca, and invoked the prophet.

Semid gazed on the stranger—he could be no wandering derise; his aspect and manner were far superior to the poverty of his dress, and on the hem of his garment was embroidered that passage from the Koran, fit only for the good.—The next and several following days the Hadgi was still a welcome guest; he had been a long and restless traveller, and when Semid was seated by his side in the rude portico of the cottage, as the sun was setting on the Orontes, and the wild mountains around, and he had given the chibouqué into his hands, he drank in with insatiable delight every tale of wandering and peril on the wave and the wilderness which the other related. At last the day of his departure came, and Semid wept bitterly as he clasped the hand of the stranger, who, during his short stay, had become deeply attached to him, and who now turned to the father and mother, and raised his right hand to heaven, and attested his words by the name of Allah. “I am alone,” he said, “in the world; the shaft of death has stricken from my side relative and friend; as I have beheld the Euphrates rush on its solitary course through the wild, that once flowed through the glory and light of the bowers of Eden. Yet suffer your son to cheer and brighten my way, and I will be to him both parent and counsellor; he shall partake of my wealth, and when three years have passed over our heads, he shall return to bless your declining years.” It was long before the parents of Semid would consent to this proposal, but at last the prospect of their son’s advancement, and of his return, endowed with knowledge and wealth, wrung a reluctant assent.—The sun’s rays had not penetrated through the grove of fig-trees that shadowed his home, when the youth and his companion directed their course across the plain, and on the third day entered the thick forests which terminated it, sleeping at night beneath the trees around the fire they had kindled. The toil of the way was lightened by the converse of the moslemin, which was full of instruction and delight, yet mingled with much that was strange and wild, of genii, the power of evil and good spirits, and the marvellous events he had met with in his varied path. But he knew not that that path was so soon to be closed. One night, overcome by fatigue, and the excessive heat of the way, they had sunk to sleep in the wood, without taking the precaution of kindling a fire.—In the middle of the night Semid was awakened by a piercing shriek, and hastening to his companion, found he had been bitten by a serpent, whose wound was mortal; already the poison began to circulate through his veins, his limbs trembled, his face was flushed with crimson, and his eyes had a fatal lustre. He clasped the hand of the youth convulsively in his own, and pressed it to his heart. “O my son,” he said, “Allah has called me at the midnight hour, and the angel of death has put his cup to my lips ere I thought it was prepared; and thou art left solitary like a bride

widowed on her marriage morn:—thy friend and guide torn from thee, what will be thy fate?—and the wealth that would have been thine will now be scattered amongst strangers.” He paused, and seemed lost in thought: the young Syrian supported his dying head on his knees, and his tears fell fast on the face that was soon to be shrouded from him for ever. Suddenly the old man drew forth from his bosom a memorial of his affection, that was indeed indelible, and fixing his look intensely on his friend, “Semid,” he said, “I have hesitated whether to consign to you this ring, and darkness is on my spirit as to the result. Place this ring on your finger, and it will invest you with surpassing beauty of feature and form, which, if rightly used, will conduct you to honour and happiness; but if abused to the purpose of vicious indulgence, will make sorrow and remorse your portion through life.” He fainted, but reviving once more, “Turn my face to Mecca,” he cried, “to the tomb of my prophet;” and striving to fix his eyes on the east, “I come, O loved of Allah—the dark realms of Eblis shall not be my home, nor El Arat have any terrors for me: thrice have these feet compassed the Caaba, where rest thy ashes; thrice to arrive there have they trod the burning desert, where thy promises were sweeter to me than the fountain or the shadow—receive me to thy paradise!”—He sank back, and died. All night the Syrian boy mourned loudly over the body of his benefactor; and the next day watched over it till sunset, when with difficulty he dug a rude grave and interred it.—Early on the second morning he pursued his way through the forest, and the sun was hot on the plain beyond, ere he advanced from its gloomy recesses.—He had placed the ring, of a green colour and without ornament, on his finger, and already amidst his grief for the loss of his friend, his heart swelled with vanity at the many advantages it had given him.—Oppressed with the heat he drew near to where a fountain gushed forth beneath a few palm-trees on the plain, and formed a limpid pool; he stooped to drink, but started back at beholding the change a few hours had made. The sun-burnt features of the shepherd boy had given place to a countenance of dazzling fairness and beauty; the dark ringlets clustered on the pure forehead over still darker eyes, whose look was irresistible; his step became haughty as he pursued his way, and saw each passenger fix on him a gaze of admiration, and he glanced with disdain on his coarse peasant’s dress.

The sun was setting on the splendid mosques and gilt minarets of the city of Damascus, now full in view, when a numerous train of horsemen drew near; it was Hussein, the son of the Pacha, returning from the course. Struck at the sight of one so meanly clad, yet so extremely beautiful, he stopped and demanded whence he came and whither he was journeying; on Semid replying he was friendless and a stranger, he bade him follow in his train, and added that on the morrow he should become one of his own guards. The next day, in his military habit, and rich arms, and mounted

on a fine Arab courser, he rode by the prince's side. Each day now saw some improvement in the shepherd of the Orontes; possessing by nature a quick imagination, and an enterprising spirit, he made a rapid progress in the accomplishments of the court of Damascus.—Speedily promoted by Hussein, whose favourite he had become, and admired by all for the exquisite personal advantages he possessed; he joined with those of his own rank in every amusement and pleasure the city afforded. Sometimes they passed the hours in the superb coffee-houses, where the fountain spouted forth a lofty column of water, and the coolness and incessant murmur were delightful amidst the sultry heats—or on one of the light pleasure-houses built on piles in the midst of the rivers which rushed through the city, they sat at night on soft cushions, and coffee, sherbet, and other luxuries were served; and while the moon-light, mingled with the glare of lamps, fell on the scene, they listened to the music and gazed on the voluptuous dance of the Alméh girls.—Amidst scenes like these the memory of his father and mother, the lonely cottage on the river's bank, his few sheep, and his mountain solitudes, grew more and more faint; all love for simplicity and innocence of life and heart was lost irretrievably, and the senses were prepared to yield to the first seduction. The favourite mistress of Hussein, a beautiful Circassian, had one morning, while walking beneath the sycamore trees by the river's side, seen Semid playing at the jerrid with the prince, and his uncommon loveliness of countenance and noble figure had inspired her with a violent passion. One day, as he sat beneath the portico of a coffee-house, one of those women approached him whose employment it is to sell nosegays of flower, to the Turkish ladies; she drew one from her basket, and put it into his hand; the various flowers were so arranged as to convey a message of love from that lady, the fame of whose charms filled the whole city. Deeply flattered as the heart of Semid was at this discovery, and filled with intense curiosity to behold such perfections, he still hesitated; gratitude to his benefactor Hussein; the memory of the lessons of piety so often received from his parents; the dying words of the pilgrim of Mecca; all conspired to deter him. But, to be the object of the love of such a woman, and solicited to behold her!—the thought was irresistible. Night came, and the last call to prayer of the Muezzin from the minaret had ceased, when, disguised, he climbed the lofty wall that encircled the harem of the prince, and, gliding through the garden, was admitted by one of the eunuchs, who conducted him through several apartments into the one that was the abode of the favourite. The moon-light came faintly through the windows of richly stained glass, and showed indistinctly the gold characters from the Koran inscribed beneath—the exquisite perfumes which filled the air, and the lulling murmur of the fountain gushing on the rich marble, stole on the senses with seductive power—the upper part, or divan, of the Serai was covered with the costly silks, carpets, and bro-



caedes of Persia and Damascus, with numerous sofas, cushions, and superb mirrors—and at the end of all, where the small cluster of silver lamps threw their light on an ottoman of crimson velvet and gold, reclined the young and haughty Circassian. She wore a blue Cashmere turban, clasped on her high and fair forehead by a wreath of diamonds, and beneath fell the raven ringlets of her hair, which were just suffered to rest on the right shoulder—the vest that confined the bosom, as if to contrast with its exquisite whiteness, was of black, and this was circled by a golden girdle—her right arm, the tunic thrown back, lay moveless like a wreath of snow on the dark ottoman, and on the left arm languidly rested her beautiful cheek, whose natural paleness was now flushed—and the drooping eye-lash tinged with surmeh, could not shroud the glance that flashed irresistibly from beneath, while the full and crimson lips, unlike the Grecian outline, were just parted by an unconscious smile at sight of the beloved form that stood before her. Dazzled at the sight of such excessive beauty, Semid stood motionless, unable to advance, or withdraw his eyes from the Circassian, who rose from her reclining posture, and waved her hand for him to be seated on the ottoman beside her. Scarcely had he obeyed her, and recovering from his confusion, begun to declare the passion he felt, when the loud sound of voices and steps rapidly approaching the Serai was heard. Semid started up, and paralysed by his feelings, gazed alternately at the lady, and at the door, through which he every moment expected the guards to burst with the sentence of death. In the agony of her fear, she clasped his hand so convulsively in hers, as, on his sudden starting from her side, to draw unconsciously the green ring from his finger.

At that moment she uttered a loud cry, and fixed her dark eyes on him, but their expression was—no longer love; in place of the beautiful and matchless Semid, stood before her a venerable man, in appearance like an Imaun; his beard hung down to his girdle, his thin grey locks were scattered over his wrinkled front, and his look was sad and imploring. Just at this instant, Hussein and his attendants burst into the apartment, and searched in vain with bitter imprecations for the traitor Semid; the stranger, whose appearance bespoke him either a Hakim, or physician, or a teacher of religion, was suffered to depart unmolested. He rushed wildly into the streets of the city—they were silent and deserted, for every inhabitant had retired to rest; but there was no rest for the soul of Semid, no calm for the hopeless sorrow and devouring despair which now agitated it; he had cast from him for ever the only gift that would have raised him in the career of life, and when he gazed on his withered form, felt his limbs tremble, and the chill blast wave his white locks, he lifted his staff towards heaven, and cursed the hour when the stranger's steps came to the cottage of his father; and the still more fatal seduction of beauty which now left shame and wretchedness his only portion. He paced incessantly the empty streets, which returned no sound save his own



step, till the day dawned, and the numerous population began to appear, and the coffee-houses to fill, when he hurried into the retreats of the gardens. Worn out with fatigue and anguish, he fell fast asleep beneath the trees, but that sleep was worse than waking; the Circassian knelt before him, her beautiful tresses sweeping the ground, and raised her look to his with love and tenderness unutterable—he clasped her to his bosom, when she suddenly broke from his arms, scorn and indignation flashed from her eyes, and the sounds that rang in his ears as he awoke were her curse and laugh of mockery and contempt. It was mid-day, and many had sought shelter from the sultry heat beneath the orange and citron trees around; sherbet and coffee were supplied by some of the sellers who had arranged their small shops on the spot. Semid gazed wildly on the various groups, for among them he discovered some of his dearest intimates; he would have rushed towards them, to share in their gay converse, to hear from their lips, perhaps, some words of consolation; but his robe was pulled by some children, who gazing up at the venerable and striking features of him they took for an Imaun, besought his blessing. “Blessing from me!” cried Semid; the thought was to his soul more bitter than the Erak tree to the famished traveller. “O Allah, who hast quenched the light of my path suddenly, and crushed me by thy doom: had I sunk slowly from youth to decrepitude, the rich pleasures of the world would have passed gently from my grasp: but yesterday, strength and glorious beauty were in this frame, and now it bends into the tomb; the friends of my soul pass me in their pride, and know me not. Who now shall love the wretched Semid?” He bent his steps towards the city and sought an obscure lodging; he shunned the crowded streets and sweet promenades by the river side, and retired to a cottage in the gardens near the city, that was shrouded by the mass of cypress and fruit trees amidst which it stood. Here, as solitude became more familiar to him, he began to regard the utter desolation of his condition with less anguish of spirit: at evening, he sometimes frequented the places, where the Imauns, the Muftis, and the learned of the city, associated; among these venerable men, his appearance ensured him respect; in their conversations on the deep things of religion, of nature, and of destiny, his mind became expanded and animated; he devoted his daily solitude to the study of the Koran, of medicine, and other sciences, with such success, that he became in time famous throughout the city; and the learned Imaun was admired, and listened to by all:—while others hung on the words that fell from his lips, while the aged were silent, and the gay and thoughtless composed before him, new sources of consolations opened to his spirit, new motives attached him to life. Even then, as he passed by the splendid palaces in which his presence was once courted, and heard the sounds of joy within, and, bitterer than all, than even the despairing doom of the halls of Eblis, when woman’s haughty step and look of resistless beauty, that sought him with allurements and

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delight, were now turned from the decayed Imaun with pity and aversion; he felt misery, that wisdom was unavailing to cure. To fly from these scenes he resolved to quit Damascus for ever; and at sunrise he issued out of the northern gate that conducts to Haleb. All the day he pursued his journey, and at night always found a kind welcome in the Syrian cottages. On the fifth evening the sky showed a fiery and unusual splendour; and night quickly came down on the scene, ushering in one of those furious tempests which arise so suddenly in the east: the rain fell in torrents, and the deep darkness was only broken by the lightning that flashed on the mountain path of Semid; he paused and listened, but there was no sound, save the loud voice of the blast as it rushed through the rocky passes, and the river foaming over its course beneath; overcome by fatigue, he despaired of reaching any place of shelter, when he suddenly perceived the light of some cottages on the declivity above. He entered one of them with the salutation "Salam Alicum," peace be to you, seldom coldly listened to; the cottagers spread for the venerable wanderer their best mat on the floor, in the midst of which the fire burned bright and cheerfully, and instantly prepared a simple repast, followed by coffee and the chibouque; the neighbours entered to sit with the stranger in token of respect and honour; the young peasants danced to the guitar and pipe, and many a mountain song was sung. Pleased at this scene of gaiety and joy, and by the kindness and veneration paid him, the spirits of the wanderer were elevated, and he forgot his sorrows for a while, gazed on the group before him with a delighted eye, and began to converse with so much eloquence and wisdom that the auditors listened with hushed and eager attention: he talked of the vicissitudes with which Allah visits our path of life, of death, and the scenes of beauty and everlasting bloom reserved for the faithful: when he suddenly paused—the children of the family had clasped his knees, and were gazing on his features—the sound of the torrent dashing over its rocky path had caught his ear—and that group—that hour—all brought back the vivid, the bitter memory of what had been. He clasped his hands, and uttered a cry of anguish—"On such a night," he exclaimed, "came the stranger to my native home, as the Orontes rushed by in its fury; amidst the voice of the storm he prayed for shelter, and his words of melody lured me away. O my father and my mother! whose looks are bent over the desert for the steps of your son; never can you behold him again: were he to approach your door, you would thrust him away as an impostor; and his withered form would be bent in anguish over the scenes of his childhood:" and "mock not my misery with their presence," he said, as he thrust the children from him with a trembling hand. "Let me roam again through the storm and darkness, but see not their eyes bent on mine, hear not their voice calling on me, whose withering heart can never know a father's love—my childless, dark, and desolate path! O! for a mother's tears falling on this

hopeless bosom—but it may not be.” He bent his head to the earth, and the tears streamed fast down his withered cheek; the villagers gazed with wonder at the stranger’s emotion, but it grew late, and they dropped off one after the other to their homes. After a night of disturbed repose, Semid bade an early adieu to these friendly people, and pursued his journey; the day was beautiful, and descending the region of mountains, he entered on a rich and extensive plain, and at last drew near one of those Khans, built in lonely situations for the accommodation of travellers; it was divided into two stories, the lower for the camels and horses, the upper for the lodging of the merchants; and a fountain rose in the middle of the area below. Here, natives of various nations had already arrived; the Armenian and Persian, the Jew and the Tartar, mingled together in the apartments, which offered no luxuries save the bare walls and floor: each spread his mat, or rich carpet, according to his wealth; lighted his fire, and the coffee being prepared, took his long pipe, and entered into animated conversation, or sat silent, lost in musing. Semid found no want of invitations to partake of their cheer; for long and lonely journeys such as these create benevolent and kindly feelings to each other. The light had not long faded on the plain, ere each traveller, fatigued, stretched himself on his mat to seek repose, and soon after dawn of the ensuing day they had pursued their various and distant routes.

The Imaun took his staff, and again bent his steps towards Haleb; a small river ran through the plain; the tents of some wandering Bedouins were pitched on its banks; their flocks were feeding beside them; and a solitary Arab was seen here and there roaming over the plain, on which his spear, his white turban and cloak, gleamed in the fierce sun-light. As Semid brooded over his sad destiny—he could not help acknowledging the justice of Allah; since, had he not yielded to guilty temptation, and fled in the face of the dying counsel of his benefactor, the wanderer from Mecca, he had remained still happy, loved, and caressed. He gazed with joy afar off on the minarets of Haleb, as the termination of his journey, and night fell ere he entered it. The streets were silent, and he roamed through the populous city to seek a place of refreshment and rest; but as he passed by the door of a splendid palace, he heard sounds from within of distress and agony; he stopped to listen; they became louder and more hopeless, when the door suddenly opened, and many persons rushed wildly out, as if in hurried search of some one. At sight of Semid, they instantly addressed him, and drew him forward into the palace, conjuring him to quicken his steps, and exert all his skill, for that she who lay expiring was the beloved of their prince, and adored by all who approached her.

They quickly entered the superb saloon from whence issued those cries of distress; the richly painted ceiling of that chamber of luxury was supported by a double row of white marble pillars,

to each of which was suspended a silver lamp; vases of orange and trees of perfume, with fountains that gushed through mouths of amber, spread coolness and odours around. But the gaze of all was fixed on a low ottoman, on which reclined helplessly a woman of exquisite beauty, her delicate limbs writhing in agony. On one white arm fell the loose tresses of her raven hair, while the other was laid on the bosom of her young and devoted husband, the Pacha of Haleb. The ravages of the poison, administered by a rival lady, were already visible on her forehead, and wan and beautiful lips; her eyes, commanding even in death, were fixed on the group around, with a look as if she mourned deeply to be thus torn from all she loved, but still scorned her rival's arts; her golden girdle was burst by the convulsive pangs that heaved her bosom—the angel of death had seized her for his own. Every eye was turned on the venerable stranger, who had been mistaken by the attendants for a physician, and who saw instantly that all aid was vain; he took her hand in his to feel the pulse, when his finger pressed, and his glance at the same instant caught the green ring that had been the source of all his misfortunes. The Circassian suddenly raised her eyes on the venerable form before her, knew instantly her once-loved but ruined Semid, and with her last look fixed full on him, she gave a deep sigh, and expired.

When the cries and wailings which filled the saloon had subsided, and all had withdrawn save one or two favourite attendants, Semid bent in anguish over the murdered form of that young and ill-fated lady, and his tears fell fast on those features which even in death were irresistibly lovely: he then drew the ring from her finger and placed it on his own, and covering his face with his cloak, rushed from the apartment. The moon-light was cast vividly over the silent streets and dwellings of Haleb, and on the sands of the desert that encircled them without. What a charm had that stillness and solitude for the heart of Semid then; in the fulness of its delight he fixed his eagle eye on the blue and cloudless sky, and on the dreary wastes around; his feelings were indescribable. As his firm and haughty step passed rapidly along, his dark hair fell in profusion on his neck, and the folds of his garment displayed the contour of his graceful limbs. "Again," he exclaimed, "youth, and beauty, and power are mine; men will gaze on me with envy, and woman's eye shall be no more turned from this form with pity and aversion; and the world is to me once more a field of pleasure, triumph, and love." At that moment the Muezzin's voice was heard from the summit of the white minaret calling to prayers, and the wanderer fell on his knees, and poured out his heartfelt thanks to Allah, who had caused the clouds of sorrow to pass from his path, and made its desolation as the gardens of the blest.

He resolved immediately to quit the city, and enjoy the pleasure of travelling through new and distant scenes, and having purchased



horses, and hired a servant, he departed, and directed his course towards Bagdad.

On the evening of the second day he overtook a small caravan of merchants travelling the same route, with their camels loaded with the costly silks and stuffs of Syria. Their progress, as of all the eastern caravans, was slow, and as night drew on, they halted in some spot which possessed a shade and a fountain of water. The tents were then pitched, the fires lighted, and the camels turned loose in the desert; the evening meal was prepared in the open air by the domestics, who had spread the rich carpets on the earth, and the merchants having quickly and sparingly partaken of the repast, formed a circle, sipped their coffee, and conversed at intervals; while the Arab camel-drivers seated round their fire, ate their coarse repast, and told their tales with infinite animation. The following day, as they pursued their journey, Semid fell into conversation with one of the merchants, an elderly man, of a mild and impressive aspect, who listened with delight and wonder to the discourse of the stranger, which few could hear unmoved, as to his youth and exquisite beauty were now added the wisdom and experience he had acquired as an Imaun. As they drew near the termination of their journey, the merchant of Bagdad grew more and more attached to Semid, and earnestly pressed him, as he had no home of his own, to reside under his roof, partake of the toils and cares of his business, and be to him as a son. They soon beheld the Tigris flowing in its pride beneath the walls of Bagdad, and entered the gardens of palm-trees on its banks. Passing through several narrow and unpaved streets, the merchant and his friend stopped at the low door of a mean-looking habitation. Being admitted, a scene of luxury appeared within. The court or area was adorned by a noble fountain, over which hung the orange and lemon trees; recesses in the walls, covered with cushions and carpets, invited to repose; and the interior apartments were splendidly furnished; but when the merchant of Bagdad, after the travellers had bathed and perfumed themselves, bade a slave call his child, his Houlema, to welcome her father and his friend, Semid saw only the form, heard only the voice, of the girl of Bagdad. It was evening, and the cool apartment, with its trellised and projecting windows, hung over the waters beneath; the moon, that lit up the waves and their shores, cast her light through the open lattice-work at which sat Houlema, who had taken her guitar, and as she sang verses expressive of the joys of home, and its dear affections, after long and cruel separations, like the cool wave of the Tigris amidst the burning sands that surround it, her voice was inexpressibly sweet. Her form was of the middle size, and her complexion excessively fair; her eyes were hazel, her hair dark, and her bust lovelier than was ever formed by a Grecian sculptor; the small and delicate foot was no way concealed by the rich sandal that held it, and the white and rounded arm was exposed nearly to the shoulder; in her whole air, in every look and word,

there was a spirit, a vivacity, as if the soul itself were infused in it.

As Semid gazed and listened to her voice, he felt a charm come over his spirit, far different to that which the superior beauty of the Circassian had inspired.

His venerable patron now began to initiate him in the details of commerce, sent him sometimes with a caravan of merchandize to Bussora, and other parts of the Persian gulf, and assigned him a portion of his gains. Semid saw his increasing fortune with indifference, in every journey always anticipating the hour of return; he gazed with rapture from afar on the blue wave of the Tigris that circled round the dwelling of his beloved Houlema. The father, who from the first had destined his only child for his favourite, to whom he felt as to an only son, saw their growing passion with pleasure. Often when the lovers were seated in the cool kiosk that overlooked the wide plain beyond the city, Semid told of the various scenes and reverses he had passed through, while his fine eyes and matchless features beamed with affection; Houlema thought she never had beheld so fascinating a being, or listened to a voice of such soul-touching melody. Till then new to love, she yielded resistlessly to her passion; she then took her guitar, and sang of the bliss of kindred spirits, devoted to each other's love, till blasted by inconstancy and coldness, like the angels Haruth and Maruth, who lived glorious in the realms of Allah, ere, tempted to wander to the scenes of earth, they fell. "She loves me for myself alone," thought Semid, "and not for my beauty, unlike the youthful Circassian, whose impetuous and sudden affection wrought my ruin: bred up in retirement, and untainted by dissipation, in her tenderness I shall find a resting-place at last." So thought the wanderer, who with all his sorrows and experience knew not yet the inconstancy of woman, when assailed through her vanity or beauty.

Semid had been absent for some weeks on a journey to Basra, and one evening Houlema was solacing herself with music in the apartment in which she had so often sat with him, and anticipating his return, when the chief officer of the Pacha of Bagdad returning home on the opposite shore of the Tigris, heard those sweet sounds wafted across in the stillness of the night, and listened with rapture. The next day he told his prince that he had heard melody, such as none but the Houris who attend the blest could have made, and that the woman who possessed such a voice must be inexpressibly beautiful.

The Prince's curiosity was awakened, he directed inquiries to be made, and was soon acquainted that it was the daughter of the old merchant, whose melody was only inferior to her loveliness. Resolved to gratify his passionate desire of seeing her, he put on the disguise of a merchant, who sold precious stones and ornaments, and being admitted with some difficulty, by displaying some splendid jewels to the sight of Houlema, was enraptured

with her beauty. On the following day he sent for the father, and demanded his daughter in marriage; the old man, undazzled by the prospect of grandeur for his child, and faithful to his promise to Semid, gave a submissive but decided refusal. Although enraged at having his hopes crossed by a subject, yet confiding in his own attractions and rank, he came, magnificently attired and attended, to the merchant's house, and requesting an interview with Houlema in her father's presence, he declared his passion, and offered her his heart and throne, declaring he would part with his harem, and cease to love any other woman for her sake. Houlema shrank from the splendid offer; her lover, beautiful and devoted, rushed to her thoughts; she felt how dear he was to her: again she looked on the imploring Prince; he was very handsome, his dignity gave him additional attractions; and, when he swore, by the Prophet and the Caaba, that she should be the sole companion of his life and love, the admired and adored of his court, the words were inexpressibly sweet to her. Seduced by such tenderness and devotion, and the glowing pictures her lover drew of her future glory as the Princess of Bagdad, she consented at last to become his bride.

Semid, full of anticipations of love and happiness, returned to Bagdad, and hastened to the home of his friend, who met him with a countenance of sorrow and confusion, and acquainted him with the infidelity of Houlema, and deplored her ingratitude. Overwhelmed with anguish, he would have sought his intended bride in the harem of the Pacha, had not the father restrained him, and calmed his cruel agitation; then raising his eyes, streaming with tears to Heaven, he called on Allah to witness the treachery of his mistress, and abjured for ever the destructive beauty of woman, which first in the Circassian had plunged him in exquisite misery; and now, in the perfidious Houlema, had driven him forth again a wanderer on the earth. Saying this, he rushed out of the apartment, and, mounting his horse, left Bagdad for ever behind him. For several days he pursued his way, heedless of its direction: whether his head sank on the desert-bed or on the mountain-rock, whether the sun shone on his parched breast, or the fountain cooled his burning lips, his misery was all within. One night as he passed over a sandy tract, he saw not very far before him a traveller attacked by a small party of Bedouins. Hastening up, his own and his servants' aid decided the day, and the Arabs took to flight.

The Turk, who was wounded, was most grateful for this timely aid, and implored his deliverer to accompany him to his home; and, as all situations were at this moment alike, he consented willingly. Day after day the travellers proceeded over melancholy wastes of sand, on which rested the burning rays of the sun, till at last a dark spot was visible in the horizon, and as they drew near, exquisitely grateful was the deep verdure of various trees, and the shade of the palm and cypress trees which stood waveless in the silent desert, like the ruins of an eastern temple.

In this deep and beautiful retreat, encircled by a high wall, lived the generous Turk with his only sister; left orphans at an early age, they had become inseparably attached to each other. Every effort was used by them to make Semid's residence agreeable; and, soothed by the attentions, and interested by the accomplishments, of the young Kaloula, his dejection and anguish by degrees abated. In order to interest his deliverer, Achmed invited a party of his friends to an entertainment, and his Arab servants traversed the waste in various directions to the fertile tracts on its borders. In that oriental banquet every luxury appeared, whether allowed or forbidden by the Koran, the various wines of Syria, the rich fruits and conserves of Damascus, the delicacies of Sheraz.

As night drew on, and the conversation became more animated, it was proposed, after the oriental custom, that each guest should tell a tale, or relate some remarkable event of his life; one told his dangerous pilgrimage to Mecca, another a tale of the Afrit or the Goule, till it came to Semid's turn, who, put off his guard by the gaiety and interest of the scene, began most imprudently to relate the great incident of his life, the gift of the ring. As he proceeded, some of the guests became thoughtful, others looked incredulous, but Kaloula never took her glance from the ring on which it was intensely fixed, and during the rest of the evening her manner was abstracted, and her mind wandering far from the present scene. Afterwards, when seated by her side in the garden at sun-set, Semid observed that her vivacity was gone: at times her tone and look were hurried and wild, and then sad and despairing. In her society he had felt a new and vivid interest; ungifted with the matchless beauty of the Circassian, or the sweetness of temper, and charm of song and melody, of Houlema, there was in her that high energy of mind, and richness of imagination which inevitably attract in woman; and Semid, when listening to her fascinating conversation, thought the charms of beauty outdone. Accustomed all her life to the solitude of her brother's home, Kaloula's haughty spirit was nursed amidst scenes savage and inspiring. It had been her delight to guide her courser into the deep retreats of the desert, and no where is nature so sublime as there; and when seated at her lattice window or in the garden beneath, she had beheld the slow caravan wind its way amidst the burning sands, in which thousands of various nations and aspects were mingled; and again, when the bands of Bedouins had rushed on their prey, she had heard the fierce shouts of the battle in the desert, and seen the spectacle of pain and death. At times she loved to gaze on the wild and desolate scenery around, when the moon had given it a sad brightness, and its silence was broken only by the rapid flight of the Bedouin's courser, or the cry of the hyena. At times the lonely traveller, or the caravan merchant, when the mid-day heats were fiercest, would approach with longing eye that lovely group of trees, and implore to drink of its fountains, as the richest boon of Heaven;

from them she heard tales of other lands and descriptions of scenes which she longed to visit.

Won by the personal attractions, and eloquent converse, of the stranger, she loved him; still that passion struggled with ambition and pride. Often Semid observed, as her look fell on the ring on his finger, her colour changed, and she uttered a deep sigh. "Were that ring but mine," murmured the haughty girl, "what a scene of triumph and delight would it open to me. The princes of the east would vie for the possession of Kaloula's charms, to which the beauty of all women would then yield. Her glory, who defended the city whose ruins are in the desert, the Queen of Palmyra, would not surpass mine. My path would no longer be in this far solitude, but be high, commanding, and immortal."

The conflict of thought was too severe; her noble form became emaciated, the lustre fled from her dark eye, and its look of tenderness turned on her lover was often changed for one of horror. It was past the hour of noon on one of those days when, to breathe the open air is almost to inhale the blast of death, the very fountains seemed to gush languidly, and the leaves to wither on the trees; and Semid, overcome with the heat, had thrown himself almost fainting on a sofa, when Kaloula approached and earnestly pressed him to drink of some cool sherbet prepared by her own hands. There was something in her voice and manner, in the burning hue of her cheek, that infused a sudden suspicion into his mind. He took the vase of sherbet from her trembling hand, and turning aside his face pretended to drink, but poured the contents into his vest. He then languidly reclined, and appeared to fall into a deep sleep; an hour passed away, and a soft step approached the door; it faltered and seemed to retire; but soon was heard more hurriedly advancing, and at last entered the apartment. It was Kaloula; she went to the window, and gazed on the burning sand and sky, and then turned her pale face, that was bathed in tears, to Semid, who lay motionless, and appeared to breathe no longer. She then drew near the ottoman and bent in silent anguish for awhile over him, when with a sudden effort she stretched forth her hand and clasped the ring to take it from his finger. Semid sprang from the couch, and looked on Kaloula with an indescribable expression, who, clasping her hands violently, uttered a loud cry, and sank insensible on the floor. He bent in agony over her. "Again," he exclaimed, "have I leaned as my last hope on woman's love, and it has pierced my soul. O! prophet of my faith, I discern now thy wisdom, at which I have murmured, in severing woman from our path in the world of bliss; since cruelty and ambition can be cherished amidst feelings of kindness and love. Never will I yield again to her charms, or be swayed by her artful wiles."

He hastened from the dwelling, and all night long in deep anguish of soul pursued his way.—On the evening of the 10th day he stood on the declivity of a range of mountains, on whose snows



lay the last beams of the sun; and a noble plain was spread at their feet, in the midst of which stood the ruins of a superb temple. Semid drew near, as the night was falling around, and took up his abode in one of the ruined apartments; and when day broke he was struck with admiration and wonder at a sight so new to him. A corridor of pillars, with capitals of exquisite beauty, encircled the temple, which, though roofless, and its many niches despoiled of their statues, looked in its naked grandeur as if time might have no power over it. Here Semid thought he had found a habitation and solitude where woman's step would never intrude, and he could indulge his sorrows unmolested. Several days had passed, and the fruits that grew on the plain composed his meals, when one evening, whilst the air was cool, he perceived a girl habited in a simple Syrian dress, approaching the ruin. She started with surprise at seeing a stranger; but recovering herself, asked what induced him to remain in so lonely a spot, and why he had never visited her father, who was the Imaun of the village behind the mountain, and would be happy to show him hospitality. Semid promised to come to the village, and the next day, crossing the mountain, he was received by the priest of the prophet with the greatest kindness. After a simple repast, Melahie took her guitar, and sang some native Syrian melodies with great sweetness. Delighted with his visit, the traveller's solitude seemed less welcome on his return. A few days passed, ere Melahie came again, and sitting on a part of the ruins beside Semid, she told him their history as far as she knew, and listened to his tales of other lands, and of his travels, with intense interest. Her form was slender, and, unlike the women of the east, her hair was light, and her eyes blue; but they had a look of irresistible sweetness and innocence, and her delicate features reflected every feeling of her soul. He frequently visited her father's cottage, and her steps still oftener sought the lonely ruin. Seated by Semid's side, and fixed on his seducing discourse, she was happy; and he could not see the intense interest he inspired, while her tears fell fast at the picture of his sorrows, or her eyes kindled with delight when he told how his sad destiny was changed, without feeling his own heart deeply moved. He saw that she loved him, and soon felt that this entire confidence, this sweet difference and surrender of feeling, in a young and devoted woman, is far more dangerous than any studied allurements.

Still he imagined she loved him only for his beauty, or because she saw in him superior accomplishments to all around her. One evening as the Syrian was seated in silence beside him, and gazing on the rich scenery, Semid suddenly addressed her: "Melahie, it is in vain to disguise our mutual affection; but you repose your peace on me only to be deceived; let me warn you that he who has appeared to you thus beautiful and interesting only deludes you. You see before you a magician of power, and of malice equal to his power, but not to injure you. Turn your eyes on



your lover now." He suddenly drew the ring from his finger; the girl shrieked, and starting from her seat covered her face with her hands, for before her stood no longer the captivating stranger, but an elderly, pale, and sorrow-stricken man; yet his look was haughty and full of fire, and waving his hand impressively, "fly from me now," he said, "you see me in my true colours; your beautiful lover is no more." Melahie turned on him for a moment a look of fixed sadness, and then silently departed. Many weeks passed, and still she came not to his lonely abode; but one morning as he stood sadly musing amidst the monuments of former glory, he saw her slowly walking towards him; but her beauty was faded by sorrow, and her delicate form wasted, and when she beheld the venerable figure of her once adored lover, an expression of exquisite anguish passed over her features. Still she drank in every word that fell from his lips, though the music of that voice had ceased, and the tone was cold and faltering; when he bade her fly from his solitude, and shun the evil destiny that surrounded him, and the treacherous allurements that might yet ensnare her, she burst into tears, unable to vanquish her love, yet shrinking from the painful change she witnessed.

The last evening they were thus to meet she found him reclined at the foot of a pillar; his countenance was paler, his eye more hollow than when she saw him last, and his whole air that of a man to whom earthly things are soon to be no more. "You are come, Melahie," he said, fixing his eyes with a mournful expression on her, "in time to bid me farewell for ever. You cannot grieve much for one whom it is impossible you could love. Semid, young and beautiful, engaged your affection, but oppressed with years, and sinking beneath his sorrows, the stranger will rest unremembered in his grave."

"Never! oh! never," replied the beautiful Syrian, "can Melahie forget the stranger she once loved. Dark and mysterious as your path may seem, mine shall be united with it to the last. I loved you not for your beauty, Semid, it was for the charms of your discourse, the riches of your mind, and, above all, the new world of thought and imagination which you opened to me; when I left you, those scenes and glowing pictures haunted me still; in my dreams they came to me, and with all, your image was for ever blended. Radiant with beauty it came, and now thus fallen, it is still the same Semid who speaks to me, it is his spirit that casts its spell around mine, and death cannot break it."

"It is vain," said Semid; "the hour is near that will close these eyes for ever. Azrael comes to summon me; already I hear the rushing of his wings. Look where the last light of day is resting on the mountain snows; it will soon disappear; but when it rests on this pillar, and encircles this weary head, you will see your Semid expire." "Leave me not thus," exclaimed Melahie, weeping bitterly; "but soon shall I cease to be alone, I feel my

heart is breaking, it has struggled for rest without you, but it may not be."

She ceased; for the sun leaving the darkening plain below, threw over the temple a golden hue, and rested on the pillar on which Semid was reclining. His look was sadly fixed on the crimsoning sky, his frame trembled, and as the red light was fading the young Syrian clasped her arm round his neck, and gazing on him as if for the last time: "O! Semid," she murmured, "my first, my only love; together we will quit this world of sorrow, and Melahie will not be parted in death, or in eternity." At these words he suddenly rose and drew the ring again on his finger, the lustre came to Melahie's eye, and the colour rushed to her cheek, for she gazed once more on the blooming and devoted Semid, who clasped her to his breast; "It is mine at last," he exclaimed; "the blessing I implored of Allah, but never hoped to find—a woman who truly loved me; we will go to the banks of the Orontes to my father's cottage, and live amidst the scenes of my childhood. O Prophet of my faith! who amidst thy sufferings didst find in Cadija a true and imperishable love:—when I sought beauty alone, my hope perished, and thy mercy left me. Thou hast taught me by bitter sorrows that the value of a faithful and tender heart is above that of the richest charms of form and feature—of wealth or splendour—thy blessing shall rest upon our path for ever."

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FROM THE UNIVERSAL REVIEW.

JOAN OF ARC.

"IT was a great beauty to behold the banners and standards waving in the wind, and horses barbed, and knights and squires richly armed." Such was the language of Froissart, when dilating on the wars of our Edward the Third in France. In those wars that great principle of chivalry, the companionship of knights, was generally felt as an influential principle of action. The cavalier was courteous to his enemy, and he inflicted no cruelties beyond the necessary pains of war. The visions of romance were in a considerable degree, and in the field, realized; the knights waited each other's leisure, and courteously saluted before they fought; woman's smiles were the habitual inspirers of courage; every knight fought for the love of his lady, as well as for the glory of his king. Cavaliers were seen pricking o'er the plain, performing the vows they had made to the ladies and damsels of their court, that they would be the first of their host to enter the enemy's territory, and their chivalry was stimulated by the exclamation, "may I never be beloved by my lady unless I win some warrior's crest to-day."

But the second series of the English wars in France, during

the minority of our Henry VI., were graced by few of those romantic circumstances. The field, indeed, continues to gleam with lances, banners and pennons waving in the wind; but the spirit of knightly courtesy no longer hung over them, and the prostrate soldier sued for mercy in vain. Knights were created before and after battle; tilts and tournaments, and other splendid shows, were held, and as the substance of chivalry died away, its mere pomp became more ornamented. In France the fair face of chivalry had been savagely marred in the civil wars between the king and the people, regarding the right of taxation, for aristocratical and monarchical haughtiness disdained to consider the rascal rout as worthy of equal consideration with itself. Neither in the subsequent wars between the houses of Bourbon and Orleans, was any chivalric bearing displayed, for there is a fierceness and ruthlessness in the contention of families and factions, unknown to foreign hostilities.

Chivalry was not, however, so much impaired in England as in France, for if it had declined here, during the inglorious reign of Richard II., it had been materially restored, and much freshness thrown over its beauties by the first two princes of the house of Lancaster; and in the wars for the ratification of the treaty of Troyes, the spirit of Harry Monmouth animated some of our nobility. Our Salisburys and Talbots were far better representatives of the ancient chivalry than the French Lahire, and Dunois the bastard of Orleans, and it was quite in the spirit of the times of Edward III. for Suffolk to knight his vanquisher before he surrendered his sword.

As the raising of the siege of Orleans by the English was entirely occasioned by Joan of Arc, and as that circumstance separated for ever the English and French monarchies, a more interesting character than hers can scarcely be presented to our consideration; and without detailing, for the thousandth time, the military events of the siege, we shall dwell for some moments on events of her life, of which the mere readers of Hume know nothing. Hume is, indeed, more than usually incorrect on this subject. He read only Grafton and Monstrelet. In general it is in vain to search his history for the result of original investigation, but it was unpardonable in him not to have studied the work of Dufresnoy; even from that book he might have amended many of the errors of his gossiping chroniclers. It is, however, only of late years that the character and conduct of Joan of Arc could be fully understood. The work of M. Lebrun de Charmettis first presented to the world the depositions of one hundred and forty-four witnesses to the circumstances of her life. Some years after her death various informations were made, and inquests of revisions held regarding the subject. The witnesses were taken from all classes of society, and the inquiry was pursued at Toul, Orleans, and Rouen. No character, ancient or modern, has been so freely and fully investigated. Her living actions have been judicially inquired into, and a right

measure may be taken of the partiality of friends and the malignity of enemies.

Joan of Arc was born in the year 1411 or 1412, at Domremy, a hamlet of the village of Greux, near Vaucouleurs, in Champagne. Her parents were farmers, but no notion of wealth must be attached to that title, for the land which they cultivated was scarcely sufficient for the most moderate support of the family. Joan could neither read nor write, and in her recollections of youth, in her after days of adversity, it was her only boast that she feared no woman in sewing or spinning. One great feature of her early character was religious seriousness. Unlike the girls of her village, she neither danced nor sang, but even in hours of recreation she was either kneeling in corners of churches, or declaiming to those whom she could persuade to listen to her, on the Deity and the Virgin. The service of the mass was generally regarded as a sufficient duty for the villagers, but Joan attended vespers and complines also: nor did she fail to fall on her knees in the fields when she heard the bell of her village church.

Superstitions of a gay and pleasing nature prevented her mind from sinking into religious gloom. In her neighbourhood stood a venerable beech tree, called by the graceful titles of the "Tree of the Ladies," "the Beauty of May," and the "Fairy Tree." In earlier and better days fairies used to resort to it, sporting with armed knights in its shade: but the world was, in Joan's days, too wicked for such amiable spirits to walk in, and it was only rarely and to the most virtuous of mortals that they deigned to appear. A spring broke out, near the tree, whose qualities were medicinal, which the fairies, in spite of the prevalence of vice, had not destroyed. With the tales of the village, fountain, and tree, Joan's imagination played, and insensibly accustomed her mind to be credulous.

Amusements of a higher character than those of her fellow villagers occupied her leisure. She was perpetually engaged in military exercises, running courses or assaulting trees with a lance or a sword. Her equestrian skill was considerable, not that she acquired it as Hume says, after Monstrelet, by being hostler at an inn, but it was the natural consequence of her farming duties with her parents.

The imagination of Joan was ardent beyond the general scale of minds, and when the great question was agitated in France, and particularly in her province, which was near the seat of war, whether Charles VII. or Henry VI. should be monarch over France, she embraced, like all her neighbours, the side of her natural and national sovereign, with an ardour proportioned to the strength of her character. Her mind unceasingly dwelt upon this one theme, to the exclusion of all other objects, and in her case, as in a thousand others, before and since, the imagination and feelings were influenced to a morbid degree; in a word, she became insane. Then she fancied that she saw angels, and heard voices from heaven.

St. Michael appeared to her, and told her to listen to such other saints as should come to her. These visitants were St. Catherine and St. Margaret, who showed themselves to her at various places, particularly near the fountain, at the fairy tree. She used to embrace the female saints, and she saw them more frequently than St. Michael. It does not seem that she had any clear ideas of their forms and persons, and her descriptions are as imperfect as the recollections of dreams. Her celestial friends exhorted her to virtue, and gave her the hope of being the restorer of France. This last communication was gradually reduced into the particular intimation of her going to Orleans, raising the siege, and crowning Charles at Rheims. If she had been an ordinary fanatic, she would have gone to Orleans, and raved and preached; but a military disposition was one of her peculiarities; and from that disposition she fancied that she was called upon to go *armed*.

Her journey to the king at Chinon is well known; but now a very interesting circumstance in the history of her mind is to be noted; the first appearance of artifice. Hitherto she had been altogether fanatical; she had a delusive image before her which subjugated her understanding. She had never seen the king, and yet she selected him from among three hundred knights, though there was nothing remarkable in his person or dress. More than this, she gained his confidence by whispering to him a secret which he thought known only to heaven and himself. He left his bedfellow, who was his confessor, out of the party. In his moment of distress he had prayed that God would deliver him, or would enable him to escape death or imprisonment, and fly to Spain or Scotland. This last clause of his prayer was evidently not fit for publication, and he thought it had not passed his lips. But his bedfellow had heard it, and in the knowledge of this secret much power resided. It was communicated to Joan, or we must believe with the world of her time, that it was revealed to her by the saints. She was evidently now, perhaps without her own consciousness, the tool of a party, her mind was under the direction of others, and the great interest which attaches to her romantic and high souled enthusiasm in some measure dies away.

When she took arms, she fancied that heaven had revealed to her that a particular sword which she was to wield was hidden behind the altar of St. Catherine, marked with three fleurs de lis. Such a sword was found, of course, placed there by those who saw that the courage of the French began to be stimulated by her character of a messenger from Heaven. The placing of the sword behind the altar she might not have known, and have been in that case a dupe. But in the former matter we have mentioned, she was herself the person who voluntarily practised artifice. To gain the confidence of Charles was a matter of primary moment: without it she was nothing, and having gained it, she was in possession of a stage whereon her mind might expatiate. There is some curious interest in seizing and marking this junction of fraud with



enthusiasm. In the history of the great revolutionizers of the world, in the lives of the Mahomets and the Loyolas, it is always curious to observe when the energies of fanaticism begin to decline, when the enthusiast becomes a politician, and the zealot sinks into a hypocrite.

We are more anxious to display the mental character of the Maid of Orleans, than to relate the military and political circumstances of her life, which indeed have been often and amply told. While her pretensions to a divine commission were under examination at the court of Charles, somebody observed, if the Deity intends to deliver France, men at arms are not required. Her answer was prompt and judicious, that "men at arms fight, and God gives the victory." A man who spoke Limousin French, asked her what dialect her celestial friends used, "a better one than yours," was her answer, and to the question, "do you believe in God?" she replied, with similar uncourteousness, "better than you do."

Though the English believed her to be a spirit from hell, yet they ascribed to her sundry mortal infirmities. Her virtue was spotless, but her soul was not of that tone which could treat their slanders with contempt. In every moment of advantage she reminded the English that they were defeated by a woman, whom they called a strumpet. She named them in return Godons, a word meaning gluttons, and not as Henry and others have supposed, from the English swearing. He knew not the origin of this culpable vulgarity, but we can assure our readers that swearing, so long the happy privilege of the military classes, was enjoyed in as high perfection by the French as by the English. The Maid did her best to repress it among her own soldiers, and it is amusing to observe that Lahire compromised his habit with his wish to oblige his fair friend, by promising that in future he would swear only by his baton.

She was taken prisoner on the 23d of May, 1430, in a sally from Compeigne, which the English were besieging. Charles VII. some time before had ennobled her, and permitted her to wear the splendid dress of the great; and on the day of her capture she was distinguished by a surcoat of purple silk, embroidered with gold and silver. Perhaps this little display of the feminine part of her character was the cause of her destruction; at least she was more remarkable than usual, and was therefore more severely pressed by her enemies. That she was not treated as a prisoner of war, that all the laws of chivalrous humanity were violated in her instance, that at the instigation of the English she was tried by a French ecclesiastical tribunal, under the forms of the Inquisition, for magic and witchcraft, that she was condemned to death, but that upon her confession of fraud and imposition the sentence was mitigated into perpetual imprisonment, that her assumption of a military dress, purposely put in her way by her enemies, was regarded as a recantation, and that the original sentence was therefore renewed; all these matters are too notorious for us to enlarge upon;



but the circumstances of the day of her execution are not so well known.

She was imprisoned in the tower of Rouen; simple chains to walls and floors were not thought sufficient securities; but she was pressed into a case of iron, and fastened to it by the neck, hands, and feet. At daybreak of the memorable 30th of May, 1431, the intended consummation of this cruelty was announced to her. When she heard that she was to be burnt, her indignation and alarm were extreme. "Am I," exclaimed she, "to be treated so cruelly and horribly. Must my body, which has always been pure, be consumed to ashes? I would rather be beheaded seven times than be burnt; and I appeal to God, the great Judge, for all the wrongs and injuries done to me!" Her mind, however, became for a moment more tranquil, and she prayed fervently, and received the sacrament. The Prelate of Beauvais entered her dungeon, and she cried, "Bishop, I die through you, and I appeal to God against you!" She then saw another ecclesiastic of a different frame of mind, and she exclaimed, "Ah, master Peter, where shall I be to-day?" He asked her whether she had not good hope in the Lord. "Yes," she cried with fervour, "if God help me I shall be in Paradise." At nine o'clock she was taken to the marketplace at Rouen\*, under a strong guard, and accompanied by the good father Peter, her confessor. A vast crowd of English and French witnessed the spectacle. A sermon was preached to the people on the abominations of superstition and blasphemy. The Maid then fell on her knees, and prayed so fervently to Heaven, and so piteously desired the prayers of the crowd, that the hearts even of those who condemned her to death were moved. A catalogue of her crimes, her sorceries, and her abominations was then read to her, but she disdained any reply, and simply asked for a crucifix. An English soldier gave her one, which he fashioned from his stick. She kissed it, and put it in her bosom, requesting that one might be fetched from the church, on which she could fix her dying eyes. Her confessor procured it, and administered the consolations of religion. But her persecutors were urgent, and they scornfully asked father Peter whether he meant that they should dine there that day. The fire was then lighted, and she was carried to it with the mitre of the Inquisition on her head, bearing the words Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolater. Amidst her shrieks and tears she was tied to the stake; yet for a moment, forgetting all consideration of herself, she entreated her confessor to withdraw a few steps, for the flames were catching his gown. Her sufferings were expressed by groans and shrieks. In her agony she screamed her conviction of the reality of her divine mission. Her dying eyes were fixed on the cross, and in her last shriek the name of the Saviour was heard.

We will pass to more pleasing matters. From the time of Charles VII. to these days an annual festival has been held at Or-

\* It is now known as the *Marché aux Vaux* in Rouen.

leans on the 8th of May, to commemorate the raising of the siege of that city by Joan of Arc. It was discontinued during the stormy period of the revolution, but on Napoleon's accession to power it was revived, and is observed now with all the theatrical effect which the French so well understand. A young man habited in an ancient costume represents the heroine. He is surrounded by the magistrates and chief citizens of Orleans, and a procession is made to the cathedral. An oration is there delivered in honour of Joan of Arc. They then repair to the church of the Augustins, and visit the monument which public gratitude has raised to the memory of the Maid. Soldiers as well as the people act on the scene, and the expressions of military honour are regulated by a programme set forth by authority of the magistrates.

Of her person, no genuine picture exists. The oldest is in the town hall of Orleans, and it was not painted till the year 1581, nearly a hundred and thirty years after her death. The common Lorraine physiognomy is given to her, without the addition of any mental expression.

The birth place of Joan of Arc is now public property. The spot was purchased in the year 1818, at the joint expense of the French government and the department of Vosges. The house is enclosed within the precincts of a school, that has been founded for the instruction of the countrywomen of the heroine of Domremy. The house had, for many years, formed part of another dwelling, and only three chambers of small dimensions could be distinguished. These rooms have been the frequent subject of pilgrimage, and many a collection of curiosities boasts a fragment of its beams and pannels. The architect appointed by the government, in 1818, has unmasked the edifice by demolishing the ruins that encumbered it, restoring to the door-way the arched moulding that had originally belonged to it, and replacing the chimney piece which had been removed into the adjoining house. The house now stands isolated, as it should do. A fountain is also there, accompanied, the French say ornamented, by an alabaster statue, the work of a M. le Gendre Héral, who bears the august title of Professor of Sculpture to the Academy of the Fine Arts at Lyons. Painting also has lent her powers to ennoble the residence of the Maid. In the room wherein people have chosen to suppose she was born, her picture hangs. It was presented to the place by his Majesty Louis XVIII. She is painted in an oratory dedicated to the Virgin, before whose image she is kneeling; and she partly rests on the sword which it is imagined she consecrated to the deliverance of her country. The painter is M. Laurent, a Parisian artist of some merit. Whether all these matters which we have stated proceed from fanaticism or national vanity, or in what proportions these feelings are mixed, we shall leave our readers to judge. "*Je suis Français, je suis Chretien,*" is the sentence of poor M. Lebrun Decharmettes, when his mind is perplexed by reason and superstition. —As a Frenchman, I believe that Providence miraculously interposed to save France from the dominion of the English—as a

Christian, my judgment forbids me to think that Heaven has, in these latter ages of the world, produced its ends, but by the operation of ordinary human means.

Ever since the revival of letters Joan of Arc has been the theme of French poets. Heroics have been vociferated, and elegies murmured; the brief monody, the lengthened tragedy, have commemorated her virtue and sufferings. Poets of other countries have sung her praises. The admirers of Schiller need not be reminded of his *Jungfrau von Orleans*; England too has "done her duty," and the earliest aspirations of her Laureate's muse, in the freshness of its republicanism, are devoted to the immortality of the matchless "Maid."

The two English volumes are beautifully printed, and contain a mass of documents, memoirs, &c., with some moderate engravings.

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FROM THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE TWELVE NIGHTS.

*A Tale from the German of the Baron Carl Von Millig.*

"I CAN assure you, my dear master," said John, as he went on with the story, "that infernal noise, which has been at rest now so long, has broke out again this year worse than ever—I myself last night—"

"Well, you saw something, I suppose," said the chief master of the forests; "come, let's hear all about it—what was it?"

"No, Sir, I did not see, to be sure, but then I heard it."

"Oh! *heard* it—aye the old story—and when one asks what has been heard, it turns out to be some hollow knocking—or a rattling of chains, &c.—we know all about that already,—John, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"But, my dear master, when I heard it with my own ears—"

"Never mind your ears—they have played you false—eyes, ears, nose, every thing deserts a man when he is once fairly terrified—he hears, sees, and smells, exactly as his fright makes him. And now let us have done with this nonsense; you know I am sick of it—I could lay my life the whole turns out to be the work of some wretched cat, or a few martins. I remember my father (rest his soul!) was once annoyed with some of these noises. He put a pair of good hounds into the ghost's room, and next day we had a whole family of martins lying on the floor. Some time after, a blockhead of a servant took it into his head to hear more noises—my father ordered him to receive twenty strokes with the cat-o'-nine-tails. I remember the whole hunt turned out to witness the execution. After that we heard no more of ghosts."

"I dare say," said John, grinning, "nobody would care to see any, after such a reception." He saw, however, it was needless

to contest the matter at the time: "besides," thought John, "though it roar and bellow, what then? The wing is uninhabited, we need not disturb ourselves about the matter." With this reflection, which he kept to himself, the old man left the room. He found several peasants waiting in the ante-chamber, who had business with Schirmwald, the head forest-master's secretary, and returned to announce them to his master.

"Send the Secretary here," said he. "He is not in the office," said John; "I saw him stepping across the court, with his music-books, to Miss Eleonora's room, more than an hour ago. I dare say they are singing or playing together, for he was there the whole of yesterday afternoon. Shall I call him?" The Baron muttered to himself.

"The devil has certainly sent that cursed smooth-faced verse-maker into my house. To think that this pale, moonshine-looking countenance of a fellow, without religion, and without conscience, should make his way into a girl's heart, and such a girl as my Eleonora. And is it possible that, for him, the noble, excellent Saalburg should be forgotten? Oh, woman! woman!—But I will expose the fellow—I will open her eyes—or my name is not Neideck."

The Baron, who had a bad custom of speaking before he thought, was promising more than he found it easy to perform. He was completely the slave of his daughter Eleonora, a beautiful girl, the image of his wife, with whom he had enjoyed eighteen years of uninterrupted happiness. Whatever Eleonora chose to command was done; he found it impossible to refuse her a single request, or to make use of a harsh word towards her. He saw the necessity, however, of exerting himself at present, and determined that Schirmwald should leave the house the moment that Saalburg, who had been fixed on, even from his childhood, as the husband of his daughter, should arrive. "Once let me see her Saalburg's wife," thought he, "and all will go well."

The door opened. Tall and slender, with something of a sorrowful and solemn expression in her countenance, Eleonora Von Neideck entered the room. Her dignified air, her dark clustering locks, shadowing her pale countenance, and falling on her shoulders, gave her the appearance rather of a sybil than the daughter of a German nobleman. But in the midst of the grace which characterized her movements, an attentive observer might perceive something of a theatrical cast—an affected elevation of language and manner, which in some measure impaired the impression which the first glance was calculated to produce. She was dressed in a black velvet robe, fitted closely to her figure, and fastened round the waist by a rich gold band and clasp. Long white plumes trailed downwards from her dark hat, and in her hand she held a riding-switch.

"Whither so fast, my daughter?" said old Neideck, feeling his resolution melting away at the sight of this beautiful vision. "To

the free air," answered Eleonora; "I come to kiss your hand." "Oh, you are going to ride," said the father;—"quite alone?" "Schirmwald goes with me; you need be under no apprehensions." "Really!" "He who once saved me," continued Eleonora with dignity, raising her dark melancholy eyes to heaven, "who, at the peril of his own life preserved mine, may well be allowed to accompany me in a short ride."

The chief keeper of his majesty's forests bit his lips. "Saalburg," said he, "will be here immediately." "You told me so yesterday." "He loves you, Eleonora." "You told me that too." "And what will you say to him if it is so?" "I will tell him the truth." "Of course—but what is that—yes or no?" "No, father." "No! by Heaven!" He stopped for a moment. "You do not love Saalburg?" "Not at all." "You love, you love,—what the devil is the use of going about the bush—you love this Schirmwald. Is it not so?" "It is so," said Eleonora, casting her eyes down.

"No, girl! It is not, it shall not be so—I shall bear it no longer. You forget your own honour and mine. It is the talk of the whole house: you sit, and sing, and harp, and make verses together continually. At first, I was pleased at your intercourse, for I thought it might be a means of improving your taste for music: I allowed the man who had been your preserver to be the companion of your amusements and your walks; but I could not have suspected that your infatuation could ever have proceeded to this length, and I feared to warn you, lest the warning itself might increase the danger;—and thus it is that you reward my delicacy and my confidence? Eleonora, you know I love you more than I can express—you know I hate all compulsion, all unnecessary exertion of authority; but make up your mind, dismiss Schirmwald—marry Saalburg."

"Never, father,—my heart, my whole existence, are Schirmwald's."

"He is a miserable, deceitful wretch." "Calumny—calumny—it is the lot of the great and the good." "I have proofs, my daughter." "Forgeries, framed by the malice of his enemies." "But when you read the papers—" "I shall not believe them."

There was a moment's pause. The Baron resumed—"Promise me at least, that Saalburg—" "O see, father," said Eleonora, interrupting the request, "see how impatiently my pony arches his delicate neck, and beats with his hoofs on the ground to call me! And this clear, sparkling sun, and this blue heaven, and every thing so smiling, I can stay no longer."

She was gone. In a few moments the Baron saw her flying through the gate, with Schirmwald by her side. "There they go," cried the old man, "and I am left alone." A tear gathered in his eye. "Accursed delusion, that thus expels from the heart its best, and purest, and dearest feelings!"

He continued in deep thought, till the sound of a carriage

awakened him from his reverie. He looked down into the court. A cavalier sprang out. "Saalburg!" cried the old man, in an ecstasy of delight; "it is he himself!" and he ran down stairs like lightning.

"Welcome, my dear, excellent young friend—welcome! Whom have you brought with you?" "Frau von Rehfield, most excellent forest-master." "Is it possible? What! my sister, and Miss Rose, and Miss Lise, and all of them!" "Dear brother," "Dear uncle," resounded from all sides. "Paul, Christian, John," bawled Neideck; "where are all the fellows?"

The whole household soon surrounded the carriage, and found ample employment in unloading its contents. Besides the human inhabitants of the ponderous vehicle, a cat, two lap-dogs, a canary bird in a cage, and a whole pile of trunks and band-boxes, were dug out. At last, however, the whole party were safely landed.

"Where is Leonora—where is our dear cousin?" cried all of them, speaking at once. Her father was just commencing an apology, when she galloped up to the door. She welcomed her visitors, and while she thus gave way to the natural ease of disposition, she was enchanting. Saalburg could not withdraw his eyes from her beauty. She, too, seemed at first a little surprised to see the raw, wild stripling changed into a handsome man; but that emotion seemed to disappear, and she took no further notice of him. The father seemed only to admire him the more. His graceful figure, his countenance, in which sweetness was blended with firmness, his good humour and strong feeling, tempered by a knowledge of the world, enchanted the old man. He was determined that no other person should be the husband of Eleonora, and felt almost distracted with anxiety, till he should find an opportunity of telling him how matters stood. He had not long to wait, for the young man was as impatient as himself. But what were Saalburg's feelings, when the Baron informed him, that all the old ties of youth between him and Eleonora were dissolved, and that another now possessed her affections! Pride and anger contended in his heart, when he learned who it was that Leonora thus preferred to him. But Saalburg was prudent, as well as noble and honourable. Before deciding on his plans, he wished to know from the Baron whether there was any thing to be hoped for. Neideck told him, that, during the disturbances occasioned by the war, Leonora had been sent to reside with a relation in town, the young wife of old Count Horst; that, during her residence there, the round of idle amusements in which she mingled, the flatteries to which she was constantly exposed, and the influence of fashionable example, had entirely altered the native artlessness and modesty of her character. The tenderness of her feelings had disappeared,—she had become cold and affected,—the country wearied her,—the affection of her father she seemed to receive almost with indifference; she was also at that critical period when the heart must have employment.

By powerful recommendations, Schirmwald had contrived to get



admittance into her father's house. He had heard of her beauty and her fortune, and was resolved to hazard every thing to make the lady his own.

Neideck had received more than one anonymous intimation of his views, but he had paid little attention to them, partly because he believed it almost impossible that Eleonora could forget Saalburg, or give pain to her father by any opposition to his choice, and partly because he thought it still more improbable that any danger was to be apprehended from such a man as Schirmwald. And yet this Schirmwald, vain, ignorant, selfish, and (as he had more lately had occasion to discover) unprincipled, had succeeded, by an affectation of peculiar softness of manner, and a pompous display of fine feeling, in captivating the unsuspecting heart of Leonora.

It happened, also, towards the end of autumn, that Schirmwald, during one of his walks near the castle, had the good fortune to rescue Eleonora from the attack of a marauding ruffian, who had assaulted her in the wood. From this moment, the heart of Eleonora seemed to glow with the fire of affection. She seemed to think that even the warmest love towards her deliverer could scarcely repay the service she had received. She would no longer hear of her marriage with Saalburg. She admitted the goodness of his disposition,—but he wanted *mind*, and mind alone could make her happy.

"My dear Saalburg," said the Baron, as he concluded his recital, "so stands the case. You see you have little to hope. Eleonora's character, and the strength of this passion, make me fear that opposition—" "Would be in vain," cried Saalburg; "you know, my dear father, that passion was never cured by contradiction. If it is possible to win back Eleonora's heart, it can only be by taking care that not the smallest symptom of my design should appear. Promise me then not to allude in any way to our union. My relationship will account for my staying here a month or two. In that time, I shall be able to ascertain what I have to expect."

The Baron promised the strictest silence on the point, and after agreeing to communicate to each other any thing that should happen, they separated.

At Neideck, every one was master of his time. The Baron went about his ordinary employments, without concerning himself about the movements of his guests, to whom an excellent library, a billiard-room, and every convenience for walking, riding, or hunting, offered a constant fund of amusement. From breakfast-time, when they all met together, every one might employ himself as he pleased until two, when the sound of the hunting-horn summoned them to table. They enjoyed equal liberty during the afternoon, till they met again at eight o'clock to tea.

Saalburg saw Eleonora daily, and met her with an air of composure and indifference. During their rides, in which he occasionally accompanied her, he was attentive, but not officious; and he seemed to pay no attention to the marked distinction with which she

treated Schirmwald. Thus the connexion between them seemed to have subsided into the calm, easy intercourse of mere acquaintance and politeness. The aunt and the young ladies, however, were not disposed to take the matter so coolly, and Saalburg found considerable difficulty in prevailing on them to be silent, as to the long-proposed union, and to leave him quietly to mature his plans.

One evening, he observed that Eleonora had evidently been weeping. Her eyes appeared inflamed, and during the whole evening it was impossible to draw her into conversation.

He soon ascertained the case from Neideck. The Baron, he found, had taken Schirmwald soundly to task, and had told him decidedly that he might look for another situation. Ill-humour, and scarcely concealed indignation, sat upon the Secretary's brow when he appeared at table, and Eleonora seemed to share his feelings. Saalburg gave up every thing for lost.

Grieved to the heart at the consequences of the Baron's impatience, he left the room. It was the close of a winter afternoon, as he directed his steps towards the waste and dreary park that surrounded the castle. The snow crisped and crackled under his feet, in the clear frosty air. The winter wind rustled through the bare boughs of the willows, where the ice-flakes now hung in place of the vanished leaves. The deep, melancholy stillness of nature harmonized with his dejection. In this thoughtful mood he continued to saunter on till he reached a grove of dark pines, under whose boughs, still green amidst the surrounding desolation, a little hermitage had been erected, in which a figure, dressed like a hermit, and moved by some machinery in the floor, had been placed by the Baron. Saalburg entered. Scarcely had he set his foot in the little chapel, when the figure rose from its knees, nodded its head, and opened the large book which was lying before it. Aware as he was of the deception, Saalburg stepped back involuntarily. At that moment his eye rested on a folded paper placed between the leaves of the book. He opened it. "A secret correspondence" was the first idea that occurred to him. But what was his astonishment when he recognised Eleonora's hand, and read the contents of the paper! "The idea of availing yourself of the common superstition of the Twelve Nights is excellent. You Fust, and I the Lady Venus! The terror in which the whole family will be placed will render it unnecessary for us to employ any other disguise than a white mantle. We shall take the road which tradition ascribes to the ghostly visitors. Let it be your care to provide horses. On new year's night at twelve I shall leave my chamber. The charge of imitating the uproar of the spirits I leave to you."

Saalburg stood for a moment to consider. The letter he saw must be allowed to reach its destination. Schirmwald, he had no doubt, would call for the paper, and he determined to continue in ambush till he should make his appearance. He pulled a withered branch from a tree, climbed up into one of the tall pines that overhung the hermitage, and effaced the traces of his footsteps be-

bind him. It was twilight before any thing occurred to break the silence around him. At last a footfall was heard, but it sounded heavily, like that of some labourer or servant. "The devil himself," cried a coarse, rough voice from below, "the devil himself only could find his letters in this dark hole; and after all, that rascal of a Secretary, perhaps, will never pay the postage. Prepare a horse indeed,—it is an easy matter for him to talk. He rides off, and leaves me to settle accounts behind him. But I am not such a fool as that, neither."

Lightly and slowly Saalburg glided down the trunk of the fir-tree. The fellow had already pressed the spring on the floor, and the hermit had opened his book. At that instant Saalburg seized him by the throat, pressing him with a giant's strength. "Silence, villain, or I will bury this dagger in your breast. You are lost, if I give you up to justice. I am the Baron Saalburg. Be candid; tell me every thing; conceal nothing, and I promise you twenty ducats."

"O God! yes,—noble Baron," whined out the poor wretch, "I will confess every thing—I am the poor woodman in the village,—for God's sake let me go,—you squeeze my breath out."

"Not a step till I know every thing," said Saalburg, throwing the struggling villain to the ground, and placing his dagger's point against his breast; "speak this instant; and if you dare to betray me to the Secretary, by my soul I will strike you dead like a dog, and accommodate your wife and children with lodgings for life in the town prison."

The man then confessed he had been employed by the Secretary to bring him the billet, and had been ordered, next night, at twelve o'clock, to have a horse saddled, and waiting behind the great oak in the park. As soon as the Secretary should come up to him with a lady veiled, and should give the word—"Give me the casket," he was to rush out, throw a mantle over her head, and carry her into a neighbouring thicket, where he was to leave her. He was then to meet the Secretary next day in Kirchberg, across the borders, and receive his reward.

"And how came the Secretary to entrust you with this commission?" inquired Saalburg.

"Oh! because I was engaged in the former business." "What was that?"

"About half-a-year ago, he made me purchase a uniform, and place myself, according to his directions, in the thicket near the Ellerbacher road. When Miss Eleonora came past the thicket, during her evening walk, I sallied out, and ran up to her, exclaiming, "Gold! gold!" Immediately Schirmwald, as had been arranged, came flying up, and attacked me; I took to flight. Eleonora called him her preserver, her good angel. The Secretary obtained the whole credit of having saved her. He got all he wanted. I got nothing. When I demanded my pay, he told me I was a year's rent in arrear to my lord, and that if I held my

tongue, he would give me credit for it in the reckoning,—if not, he would have me thrown into prison. What could I do? For the sake of my wife and children I was compelled to be silent."

"You are a pair of precious rascals," said Saalburg; "confound me if I know which most deserves the gallows. 'Who is the lady whom the Secretary is to bring along with him to-morrow night?' 'God knows,' said the woodman; 'some mistress or other; he has as many as there are sands on the sea shore.'"

Saalburg breathed more freely, as he felt that the exposure of this wretch was now so near. "Take this letter," said he, "to the Secretary, and tell him every thing is arranged. To show you that I intend to keep *my* word, take this purse. If you betray me, you know what you and yours have to expect. If you are honest, you shall receive your stipulated reward from me, the day after new-year's-day, at the castle."

Saalburg then let the man go, who departed with strong protestations of his honest intentions. He himself returned, slowly and pensively, to the castle, digesting in his own mind his plan of operations.

During tea, he kept his attention fixed on Eleonora, whose evident agitation did not escape his notice. The conversation, this evening, happened to turn on the great antiquity of the castle, and the strange looking colossal statue of Fust von Neideck, over the entrance, which looked as if it had been set up there to frighten away all visitors. "Oh! my dear uncle," cried Rosalie, "is it really true that Sir Fust and the Lady Venus walk about the castle? We have entered already on the twelve holy nights, and every evening I am in an agony." "Stuff—nonsense—confounded lies," muttered old Neideck. "But, uncle," resumed the obstinate young lady, "my aunt's maid—" "Aye, no doubt, she knows a great deal more of what takes place in my castle than I do." Rosalie was silent for a moment. Her uncle resumed, in a milder key, "Well, tell us what she saw; I see you are dying to be out with it." "Nothing, uncle, but she heard—" "Ho, ho! heard; the old story exactly. I wish to God I could hear no more of it!"

"But, brother," cried Frau von Rehfield, who had been longing for some time to take a part in the discussion, "if there is really nothing in it, why put yourself in such a passion? People will think some family secret is concealed under it. The servants merely say, that there are noises and alarms in the house, during the twelve nights, and surely there can be no harm in saying so."

"Aye but there is, good sister—I have no wish that the affairs of my house should form the subject of conversation in every ale-house. If this folly is not put an end to, the blockheads will go on frightening one another to death with their confounded ghost stories. Besides, I find that they make a handle of this to excuse a thousand faults and disorders."

"My dear Baron," said Saalburg, smiling, "I have little or no belief in stories of the kind. But that we may know at least what

tradition really says about the matter, I think you had better tell us the story—Perhaps it will tend to remove Rosalie's fright."

"Be attentive, then, all of you," said the Baron von Neideck, "and listen to the wonderful history of the KNIGHT FUST and the LADY VENUS, which took place, according to the best authorities, about the year 1109.

"Fust von Neideck was a wild huntsman, an approved sword and buckler man, and withal a most potent drinker. He became such a virtuoso in this last accomplishment, that his fame spread far and wide; and the consequence was, that in his thirtieth year, he could scarcely stand so steadily on two feet as other people on one.

"His unmarried sister, who lived with him, witnessed his progress in the art with great dismay, and often tormented him with her importunity to choose a wife from among the young ladies of the neighbourhood. She indulged the idea that the ties of love and parental affection would tend to weaken, in some measure, the influence of Bacchus. The Knight, however, was impregnable. He swore positively, that if the devil's dam herself should make her appearance, or Lady Venus of the mountain were to offer him her hand, on the condition that he should reduce his establishment by a single cup of wine, he would hunt them from the castle.

"His sister was silent. The Knight, however, had his weak moments, like other men, and his sister her own share of cunning, like other women. She contrived that a young lady, a distant relation of the family, whose father had died shortly before, should pay a visit to the castle. Weeks and months rolled away, and still she was an inhabitant of Neideck Castle. In short, whether the beautiful Herminia had really captivated the old toper, or that his sister had plied him with love-potions instead of Rhenish, so it was, that in the course of half-a-year, Herminia was lady of Neideck, without Fust's being ever able exactly to comprehend how the matter had taken place.

"The beauty of the fair bride must have been very powerful, or the love-philtres very strong, for Fust von Neideck actually continued sober for three days after the wedding. He thought himself entitled, however, to make up for this incredible abstinence, and, accordingly, on the fourth day, he caressed his pitcher more affectionately than ever. Herminia became indisposed—ill humoured; the Knight waxed more outrageous and disagreeable. His sister made the last attempt upon his feelings, by presenting to him the infant daughter which his wife had brought him: she conjured him to treat Herminia with more mildness, and at all events to continue sober one day in seven. It was all in vain. He repulsed his sister as if it had been her fault that Herminia had not brought him a son, and swore by all that was holy, that he would console himself for the misfortune of having a wife and daughter by an incessant round of hunting and drinking.

Never was a vow better kept. Early next morning he got so



deeply absorbed in meditation on the excellence of a flask of Rhenish, that his esquires found him speechless on the green before the door, in consequence of intense thought, which these irreverent knaves were impudent enough to call getting intoxicated with his subject. The instant the Knight awoke from his vinous reverie, he called for his bugle-horn and hunting spear, rode out into the wood—galloped about all day—and returned at night to renew his addresses to the flagon; and so the time ran on.

One clear winter day he had wearied himself with fruitless pursuit of a bear, in the thickest part of the wood. Squires and dogs were equally at fault, and the overwearied horse of the Knight, who had separated from his party, would move no farther. It was mid-day. Grumbling at his bad fortune, the Knight dismounted, and led his horse by the bridle towards a spot which gleamed out greenly through the withered trees, the sun having melted the snow that covered it. As he came nearer, he heard the murmur of a small stream, which, purling along, under the shade of water-plants and hardy evergreens, dropped into a rocky basin, and whose lovely sparkling waters formed a striking contrast to the dead wintry stillness of the surrounding desolation.

Fust resolved to let his horse rest here for some time, and threw himself on the wet moss to enjoy a similar refreshment. But a burning thirst would not allow him to sleep. Wine was not to be had, and unexampled as such an incident in the Knight's history, he was at last compelled to adopt the resolution of slaking his thirst with the pure element. But as he approached the brow of the small rock that overhung the basin, he saw beneath him, to his great surprise, a female figure, who seemed not to be aware of the presence of the intruder, for at the moment Fust approached, she had just dipped her delicate foot into the water, and evidently commenced her preparations for a cold bath. The beauty of the lady, and the strange time of the year she had chosen for that amusement, made the Knight pause upon the brink. She turned her eyes towards him, and Fust felt as if blinded by her beauty. He had never beheld such dazzling loveliness. A sort of exclamation, which he found it impossible to repress, drew the attention of the lady upon him; but the boundless amazement which was visible in his gaping countenance did not appear to be displeasing to her. She seemed in no way disconcerted by the gaze of the Knight, whose intellectual powers, never very clear, seemed to be totally clouded by the suddenness and strangeness of the occurrence. His whole soul was concentrated in his eyes. "I know thee well," said the beautiful bather, with the most silvery tones; "thou art Fust von Neideck, the bravest Knight in the whole province. Shame on thee—eternal shame, that thou darest not follow me!" "And why not?" cried the enchanted toper. "Because thou art married," answered the lady, while her bosom heaved with a deep sigh. It never could have entered into the brain of Fust to conceive that his marriage could possibly stand in the way of any thing



he chose to do; and he lost no time in assuring the lady that he was hers for life and death, and firmly resolved never to set his foot in Neideck again, if she should think it necessary. As a proof of his sincerity, he leaped down from the rock and offered her his glove. "Well, then," said the lady, "I receive thee for my knight. Ever-flowing cups, successful huntings, and the open arms of ever-blooming maidens, await thee! Know that I am the Lady Venus.

"There in the forest my castle lies,  
And swifter my steed than the night-wind flies."

"She clasped hold of him, and mounted, along with him, a gigantic horse, with bat's wings, and a head like a cat, which was pawing the ground beside them. Swift as a tempest, they flew across the park towards the mountain, which opened and closed upon the steed and its riders. One of Fust's huntsmen, who had come up, and overheard at some distance the conversation between that temperate Knight and the Lady, brought the melancholy news to the castle. His sister, after having a colossal statue of her brother formed and placed above the entrance, died of grief. The fate of the lady and her infant daughter is not known. The older branches of the family of Neideck being extinct, by the death or disappearance of Fust, the estates came into the possession of the younger, from which I am descended. Once in every year, however, during the twelve holy nights, do the Knight and the Lady revisit the spot where they first met, and sometimes they even extend their call to the castle. And so ends the story."

"A thousand thanks, my dear uncle," cried Lisette, "a thousand thanks for your story; now I shall sleep more quietly—wild as Fust was, I am glad to hear he was not a murderous old ruffian, as I had heard. I thought every night I should see the door open, and some horrible figure come stalking in, with its face all over blood, and so on." "Oh no—no!" cried Rosalie; "I had no fear of that, for you know the maid said the spirit goes always directly to Eleonora's chamber, which it once inhabited." "Excellent," said old Neideck; "very authentic indeed, and from the correctness of this part of the story I think we may form a tolerable idea of the rest. Now, I tell you, that, according to the old tradition, the spectre goes directly to the old chamber in the second story, where the genealogical tree hangs; from thence, through the door in the tapestry, down the concealed stair, into the vaulted passage that branches out under the park, and opens opposite to the Venus Mountain. As for Eleonora's chamber, and all that part of the house, it is not easy to see how the ghost could have inhabited them, since they were only built about a century and a half ago. Good-night, my dear children—sleep quietly." The old Baron took his pipe, rung for John, and marched off towards his bedroom.

The party broke up, leaving Saalburg highly pleased with his success. Without requiring to lead the conversation to the point,

he had gained the information he wished. But in order to make sure of the localities, he resolved to reconnoitre the spot. As soon as midnight came, and the inhabitants of the castle were secure, some soundly sleeping, and others not daring to move, through terror, he set out, provided with his sword and a dark-lantern, towards the spot. He had scarcely traversed the passages which led to the place, and reached the chamber, when his attention was attracted by a hollow-sounding noise, sometimes broken by louder sounds, resembling the roaring of a tempest. Saalburg guessed at once that Schirmwald was taking this opportunity of practising his part against the following night. The noise came nearer. Sometimes it sounded like the tread of many heavy feet along the passage; then it would die away, and shortly again it recommenced, as if a whole body of cavalry had been reviewed in the room below. At last it seemed to enter the room. Saalburg extinguished his lantern, and bent down in a corner till the impostor should pass. The figure, such as he could distinguish it by the dim glimmer of the snow-light from without, was Schirmwald's. The figure passed, and in a few minutes all was quiet. Saalburg rose from his hiding-place, and moved lightly and cautiously back to his room. As he passed the window of the staircase, to enter his room, he saw a light in the Secretary's apartment, opposite. "Aye," said he to himself, "we have both got home at the same moment."

The next morning was new-year's-day. With a feeling of deep anxiety and impatience for the issue, Saalburg rose. The morning slipped away in friendly meetings and congratulations.

Eleonora was indisposed, and did not appear at dinner. Schirmwald recited, with much emphasis, a poem of his own composition, in which he wished his patron, the Baron, and his whole family, all possible good fortune! Saalburg stood in astonishment at the composure of the traitor. The old Baron took the matter seriously—seemed much affected by the Secretary's effusion, and wished the whole party, Schirmwald included, many happy years, true friends, a good conscience, and every progress in the way of honour and good fortune. The nearer the important moment arrived, the heart of Saalburg beat more vehemently. They were summoned to tea, which was announced in Eleonora's chamber. She was reclining on a sofa, with considerable traces of indisposition in her countenance. No one, however, but Saalburg, seemed to mark her agitated appearance. The dark locks descending upon a face deadly pale, the dark silk dress fastened to the throat, as if for travelling, the thick shawl thrown negligently over her shoulders, convinced him that every thing was prepared for flight. "It is the last night in her father's house!" said he to himself, and it was fortunate that the imperfect light in the chamber concealed his agitation from Eleonora. He composed himself shortly, however, and approached, like the rest, to offer her his congratulations and

good wishes. "I thank you, I thank you," answered she with a faltering voice; my heart tells me I shall need them all."

The party separated early, to allow Eleonora to repose, after her illness. Saalburg flew to his chamber, buckled on his sword, took his lantern in his hand, and stepped gently towards the concealed staircase, determined to be first at his post.

When he entered the room, he looked eagerly around for the tapestry door leading to the stair, which he had unfortunately forgotten the day before to ascertain. His search was vain; the door was not to be found; and he found it would be necessary to wait till the door should be opened by the fugitives themselves. The first stroke of twelve sounded, and Saalburg, couching down in his ambush, concealed the lantern behind him. In a few minutes the uproar of the preceding night recommenced, and a congregation of horrible noises announced the approach of the modern ghost. A pale feeble light shone dimly on two figures clothed in white. Saalburg took a pistol from his bosom, and cocked it. They passed across the room. Schirmwald pressed a spring in the wall, and a door flew open. At that instant Saalburg stretched out his arm to seize him. The slight noise occasioned by this movement alarmed the Secretary, who started back a few steps, and perceived Saalburg. "We are betrayed!" cried he, and fired his pistol at the Baron. Saalburg felt himself wounded, but without hesitating an instant, returned the fire. With a loud groan, the Secretary dropped, and a large quantity of gold pieces was scattered on the floor. Overcome by loss of blood, and the agitation of his feelings, the Baron also sunk senseless on the ground.

He came to himself in a short time. Schirmwald's lamp was burning by his side. His first glance was in search of Eleonora, who still lay immoveable on the ground. He raised her in his arms, without bestowing a thought on Schirmwald, and taking the lantern in his hand, he carried her to her chamber. The door was open. Her maids were fortunately still asleep. She soon recovered her senses. Saalburg would willingly have declined answering the questions she was disposed to put to him at that time.

"For Heaven's sake, Baron Saalburg," cried she, "one word only! Where is Schirmwald? What has happened to him?" "He fell by my hand," answered the Baron, reluctantly. "Impossible! it cannot be! you are mistaken! Did you not see the spectre that met us at the entrance of the tapestry door?" "I saw nobody." "The figure which drove me to a side, and as your ball whistled past my ear, seized on Schirmwald, dashed him down, and—" "My dear Eleonora, nothing of all this have I seen. Your overheated imagination has deceived you. Your pulse beats like lightning,—your senses wander. Be calm, I beseech you." "Saalburg, say then at once, what do you know of the unfortunate Schirmwald?" "Only that he is a villain, an accomplished villain, whom I will unmask to-morrow."

With these words, he left the room, and flew towards John's

chamber, whom he found awake. "In God's name, Baron, what is the matter? You bleed. I heard a noise, but I did not dare to waken my master." "Quick, my good friend, quick! Bind my arm, and then awaken the Baron." Both commissions were executed immediately. "Ask no questions, my dear Neideck," cried the Baron to the old man; "my wound is nothing; time is precious, follow me quick. John, light us to the chamber in the second story. I will tell you all as we go."

The astonishment of the Baron, when he heard of Eleonora's preservation, and the Secretary's villany, was inexpressible. They came to the spot, but Schirmwald was gone. No traces of blood appeared, notwithstanding the dangerous wound, which, from his groans, Saalburg concluded he had received. Nothing was to be seen but Eleonora's casket, which lay on the ground, and the gold which was scattered about the room. The door they could not find. Saalburg knew not what to think of the matter. One thing, however, was clear, that he had not to answer for the Secretary's death.

Early next morning, Heubach, the woodman, appeared to claim his reward. He received the stipulated sum, after confessing, in the presence of the Baron and old John, the whole of his connexion with the Secretary.

On looking over the forest-accounts, the sum which had been found scattered about the room the night before was ascertained to be wanting.

Neideck went to his daughter's apartment, determined for once to tell her, without hesitation or disguise, the extent of her error; but he found it unnecessary. Full of shame and repentance, she threw herself at her father's feet, and begged that he would allow her to retire into a convent. Neideck endeavoured to calm the enthusiast, and then proceeded to acquaint her with Heubach's disclosures, from which Schirmwald appeared in his true colours. Her confusion and remorse were indescribable. With tears of the deepest anguish, she threw herself on her father's neck, who thanked God that his daughter was now again restored to him. Saalburg's wound, and the delicacy which had induced him for some time to leave the castle, affected her deeply.

About three months afterwards, she requested her father to summon Saalburg to the castle. He flew thither immediately, on the wings of hope. Eleonora had laid aside all her affectation. "Saalburg," said she, with a gentle blush, as he entered, "you know that I have loved; but I have expelled from my heart the traitor who robbed me of those feelings which ought to have been yours. If my heart has still any value in your eyes, take it with this hand, and with it my warmest esteem—my tenderest affection!"

Saalburg kissed the offered hand with delight. "Eleonora," said he, "Fortune has lowered on me once; now I can bid defiance to her frowns." And he pressed her to his heart.

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

## THE SHIPWRECK.

The ship is unmoor'd,  
 All hands are on board,  
 Released from the bonds of affection;  
 High-mounted, the crew  
 Bid a cheering adieu,  
 To stifle each fond recollection.

The sails all are spread,  
 The ship shoots ahead,  
 The rough billows proudly dividing;  
 Now plunging amain,  
 Now rising again,  
 Like a sea-bird on white bosom riding.

The wind louder grows,  
 And fiercer it blows,  
 Now shrill, and then hoarse as the thunder;  
 The masts all are bent,  
 And the topsail is rent,  
 By the swift-rushing blast burst asunder.

Awe-struck, from the skies  
 The pilot descries  
 The whirlwind in circles descending,  
 And marks over head,  
 Up-looking with dread,  
 The waves in white ridges impending.

The rudder is broke;  
 She reels from the stroke;  
 O'erwhelm'd, for a moment she's sinking:  
 In silence their fate  
 The seamen await;  
 On the sweetness of home they are thinking.

The twilight is gone,  
 Dark night is come on,  
 All dreary and wild is the ocean;  
 And shoreward in haste  
 The billows are chased,  
 High-raging in boundless commotion.

The breakers are heard,  
 And all are prepared;  
 To the rigging with cords they have bound them:  
 No star in the sky,  
 No light they espy,  
 But the foam of the waves all around them.

The landsman shall start,  
 As his slumbers depart,  
 On his soft couch so peacefully lying,  
 And hear with affright,  
 Through the darkness of night,  
 The groans and shrieks of the dying.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

*Elements of Vocal Science ; being a Philosophical Inquiry into some of the Principles of Singing.* By R. MACKENZIE BACON. 12 mo. pp. 282. 1824. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

THE letters which compose this volume were, with few exceptions, published in the *Quarterly Musical Magazine*; where they obtained so much attention, as to justify their reappearance in a collected form, instead of being spread over the space of five years in a periodical work. They do great credit to Mr. Bacon's taste and judgment; and embrace the philosophy of a delightful art, without being dry or technical. On the contrary, they are full of personal applications, and present a number of pleasant anecdotes which serve at the same time to illustrate the author's opinions, and to impart an interest to his work.

After a prefatory essay, Mr. Bacon, besides other topics, treats of the formation of an English School of singing; style and manner; church, concert, theatre, and chamber singing; tone, intonation, elocution, science, the formation of the voice, ornament, and (what is seldom met with) the intellectual cultivation necessary to a singer. Upon all these his remarks are acute and sensible; and both singers and auditors will find a great deal deserving of their consideration in almost every one of the chapters. It is not however our intention to discuss, regularly, the points urged in a production of such small compass as to be accessible to all readers;—we shall merely quote some passages, and offer some rather digressive thoughts which the practice of our musical school at the present moment has suggested, and which might perhaps have been given as critiques on public performances, but for the opportunity of throwing them together thus offered to us.

Mr. Bacon, in the first place, investigates the English School: the fact is, we have no English School. Dr. Kitchiner has recently published the first part of a selection of the loyal and national songs of England, which completely proves, that though we have some fine old music, we are destitute of any distinctive character. The principal composers whose productions are familiar to the English ear are foreigners; and almost all the individuals of our native artists, who have been or are popular, have finished their musical education abroad. How rarely do we hear any composition of Purcell, Croft, Blow, Green, Boyce, or Arne: how everlastingly do we hear the compositions of Haydn, Mozart, Rossini, and (now) Weber! If we had a national school, we should sometimes be able to detect it among our public entertainments. Let us, by way of illustration, cast a look back at the rise and progress (if that can be called progress which has retrograded) of oratorio in this country. Handel originally intended these grand compositions to imitate, if not to supersede, the concerto spirituale of the Continent; and after composing sixty or seventy Italian operas, with more or less



success, he determined to devote the last years of his life to these religious subjects. When his *Messiah*\* was finished, it was alone sufficient for immortality: but most of our mature readers must remember the far less distant period when the musical festivals of Lent were glorified (if we may so) not only with that sublime production, but with the *Orpheus* of Purcell, the *Artaxerxes* of Arne, and the *Creation* of Haydn.

For this species of gratification, peculiar to a sacred season, and forming *per se* a variety in the year of music, modern improvement has introduced an incongruous and unassimilating mixture, in which the sacred and profane, the sublime and the ludicrous, are jumbled together in the most inconsistent and offensive manner. We hear "Glory to God," in juxtaposition with *Il Fanatico*; and all that can be holy and impressive in song is rendered ridiculous by contiguity with buffo arias and mock bravuras. We have no objection, if the taste of the times be so perverted, to diversify the oratorio by graceful and natural compositions, for even in Handel's day there were elegant *entractes*;† but what we decidedly complain of is the interpolation of such things as those with which Ambrogetti, Ronzi de Begnis and his wife, and perhaps others, entertained the audiences of Passion and Easter weeks during late seasons.‡

Having fallen off in the highest style, we have little to compensate us in the lowest, for Mr. Bacon truly remarks—

"English music can scarcely be said to have any comic style. The Italian Buffo, besides being a comedian, is a sound musician; he must possess considerable knowledge and facility; we have scarcely any music of the kind that deserves a comment. Our opera of *Tom Thumb* is a ludicrous exception enough. The most beautiful airs are adapted to the vilest words. Hasse's famous song '*Pallido il sole*,' which Farinelli sung every night for ten years to Philip the Fifth of Spain, is put into the mouth of the ghost of Gaffer Thumb."

This observation brings us to the Theatre—the music of the Italian and English operas. Here, says our author—

\* Dr. Morrell, a divine, is supposed to have selected the passages from the Scriptures, so splendidly embodied in this Oratorio. The *Acis and Galatea* was, we believe, translated by Gay from the Italian, and composed by Handel when at Naples. His other oratorio poets were Dryden, Milton, Congreve, Smollet, Smart, Aaron Hill, &c.

† Such as "O the Pleasures of the Plains," *Acis and Galatea*; "The Prince unable to conceal his Pain," *Alexander's Feast*; "Bacchus ever fair and young;" &c. &c.

‡ "There is (says Mr. Bacon very justly, when speaking of the still less elevated style of concert,) one point which at this time it seems particularly necessary to insist upon. Nothing is so disgusting as coarseness or familiarity. Either of these annihilate all respect, and in nothing is a certain dignity of thought, a certain elevation of manner, and a certain restraint, so indispensably demanded as in the lighter pieces, which call forth the play of a lively imagination, like those taken from the Italian comic opera, now so highly in vogue. 'Non piu andrai,' 'Sei Morelli,' or 'Quel occhio,' every instant involve a danger of sinking the performer into vulgarity and contempt"—and the performances too!

"At present, good taste is in its infancy or its dotage, and, as must happen, the love of the glittering and prominent parts of the execution of singers will be preferred. The passion for agility has been nurtured, during late years, in an extraordinary manner, by the greatest talents of the passing age. Catalani (corrupting by example) and Billington and Braham were all singers of execution, and the latter, though certainly gifted with the most various and most powerful expression of any singer within remembrance, has nevertheless most unaccountably lowered the effects of his performance by an overwhelming exuberance of florid ornament. These are the persons who have formed the taste of the theatrical audiences of our day, and a generation must decay at least before their graces will be forgotten and their errors eradicated. From their example it has principally arisen, that the small critics who frequent the play-house are the most dangerous auditors a singer can have to encounter, and they are dangerous too in proportion as they are flippant and voluble. Their knowledge lies in a confused jargon of terms, which they employ in praise or condemnation, equally indiscriminate. With them, gracing is the summit of perfection. \* \* \*

"Power, conception, and execution, (he continues) are the capital qualities in a stage singer. Every thing is heightened. The colouring must be a little above our ordinary perceptions of natural expression. The features must be all exaggerated, like the painting of the scenes; the design and execution are both softened by distance, and coarseness is mellowed into effect. The place, the character, the situations incident to the drama, and above all, the mixed nature of the audience, appear to demand a sacrifice of the severer dictates of sound taste, the abandonment of delicate finish, and the substitution of a declamatory vehemence, an impassioned elocution, a dissolving tenderness and pathos, and of attractive ornament. That singer, however, will best accommodate the conditions and the performance to each other, who can affect the audience by the least stretch of the liberty thus vouchsafed him; and we are taught by the highest authorities, that his fame will enjoy the longest existence. In the theatre, as in other places, the only limit is the sympathy of the audience; but the bounds of this sympathy are extended to the utmost possible latitude by circumstances that increase the sensibility while they weaken the judgment.

"I cannot for these reasons acquiesce in the allowance on the score of acting usually granted to singers, in that courtesy which exempts vocalists from the exhibition of every other requisite for the stage than the exercise of their particular talent. The effect of singing and acting are or are not mutually aiding each other throughout;\* and I confess I have been so thoroughly disgusted by the

\* "Sir, (said an eminent conductor to me,) it is a great advantage for a singer to be able to throw his legs and arms into a note."

coldness, and indifference, and the obvious contempt of any endeavour to interest as an actor, in some of our most distinguished singers, that the song itself was naturally injured by the operation of this strong irresistible feeling. With this branch of the subject is connected motion of many kinds which stage singers must employ. It must not be forgotten by them, that they are subject to changes of position during their performance. They have not, like the church, orchestra, and chamber singer, the advantage of being at rest in their persons. They require therefore a greater command of the chest, which is only to be obtained by incessant practice. I know that Madame Mara could dance, and maintain, during the most agitated motion, a perfectly equable and uniform voicing, varying the degrees of loud and soft at pleasure; so strong also is the force of habit in the association between the attitudes in which we are accustomed to perform any particular function, that its effects should always be held in remembrance.\* Any awkward gesture must be therefore peculiarly disadvantageous to a stage singer; and I would again remind them, that action is by no means inconsequential to the effects of their vocal excellence, how great soever it may be."

For the Italian stage the recent visit of Rossini did nothing. His intercourse with England was unlucky for his fame, and unfortunate for our musical improvement. What circumstances led to this failure we shall not inquire; suffice it to say, that we had before, in his *Tancredi* alone, a thousand times more to admire and learn from, than the Maestro supplied when amongst us. The melody of "Tu che accendi questo core," (and of "Tu che i miseri" also,) allows room for all that expression which the soul loves in song; while both arias are finely relieved by brilliancy and point. Again, the *Perche turbar* is mellifluous to a degree; and the whole scena between *Tancredi* and *Amenaide*, "O quel scegliesti," surpassingly beautiful and characteristic. *Sacchani* composed nothing superior. But, as we have said, the talents of Rossini have not in the slightest particular tended to improve the state of music in England; and we now see him thrown into oblivion by a newer rage. The *Freischütz* is the only music at present known in the metropolis, the only music heard at the theatres, sung by wandering minstrels, and played by waits and barrel organs. We never pause to ingraft Italian delicacy of expression upon German grandeur and loftiness—the polish and refinement of the former upon the elementary strength of the latter; and both upon British feeling. No, it is sufficient for us that we have a *fashion*; no matter what or whence, genuine or spoilt by home-made alterations. Touching the last, and applying it to this very

\* "In low life it is so common and so ridiculous, that it must have met every one's notice. I remember to have seen a poor shepherd, who could not continue to give evidence in a court of justice, because the Judge insisted upon his removing his hands from the situation in which he had been accustomed to place them while he was in reflection."

*Freischütz*, a Correspondent has favoured us with some, perhaps severe, but able remarks:

"Those (he observes) who are unacquainted with the manner in which music is treated in this country, are naturally surprised to find so great an apparent admiration for the art combined with so little discernment in the selection of our musical recreations. Our native composers interpolate and disfigure without remorse. Our operas want unity and continuity, because they are to be cut down to the narrow compass of our musical talent; they are to be suited to the whims and tastes of composers, arrangers, and performers. The stories are mostly borrowed; they are therefore to be translated, and of course disfigured, to adapt them to the prevailing taste for melo-dramatic or scenic effect. Some parts of the original music are omitted, or placed where they were never intended to be placed by the composer; songs suited to one character, are put into the mouth of another; at every step there is a hiatus, which produces a sudden, unnatural, and unmusical break in the performance. With regard to the strength of talent available for operatic performance in England, we have half a dozen first rate singers, with scarcely as many tolerable second rates; and our chorusses are almost beneath contempt. This strength or weakness (which ever you are disposed to call it) which, if taken together, would be scarcely powerful enough to give a fair representation of any one of the great works of the later musical age, is divided between the two great theatres. If to this we add an orchestra made up much like the vocal department, and consisting of a few good artists clumsily seconded by aspirants and beginners, we have a fair estimate of the whole operatic establishment of our winter theatres.

"With powers so inadequate they have lately undertaken to give to the public the most difficult, chromatic and intricate opera which has hitherto proceeded from the German school. Yet with us, this admirable and classical work scarcely rises to the level of an ordinary melo-drama fitted out with a kind of unintelligible, indistinct, and discordant music, the drift of which you in vain endeavour to catch amid the rude and jarring efforts of orchestra, singers, and chorusses. In one or two instances the performance at Covent Garden is good. The overture is too great an undertaking, but it is intelligible; the chorusses are respectably filled, and voices and orchestra are not engaged in open warfare as at the other house. Yet it is evident there is still a little ill blood between them, which after so long an intercourse as that which has already subsisted, is not likely to be eradicated. The want of musical intelligence in the public alone protects these performances from condemnation. It almost makes one tremble to ask—What would Weber say to our mode of testifying our respect for his talents? How would he feel, if condemned to listen to the performance of his opera in England? I question much whether a single wind or stringed instrument would escape the supernatural thirst for ven-

geance which would possess his soul. But, Sir, it suits *us* very well. We are very humble musicians; and if we can be amused with clumsy mimicry, what have we to do with taste? Why need we attend to criticism?"

Why, indeed? But why, on the other hand, should not *we* criticise? Othello's occupation is worth perseverance; and we yet hope to see better times, and hear better music.

Mr. Bacon's book is likely to be useful in promoting the latter consummation: but where did he fall in with the word "judgementally," p. 220? not in any English Dictionary, we are sure. As notes, which we could not readily incorporate with our text, we beg leave to add the following:

"It must, however, be understood, that whenever the art is spoken of with a view to the public exercise of talent, a given quantity of ability from nature is presupposed, since it would be absurd for a person of confined voice to think of pursuing singing as a profession. The instances of young people who are misled by the partiality of friends to the attempt are numberless, and often exceedingly ridiculous. I remember the late Dr. A. having been engaged in a correspondence with a lady in Ireland, who wished to be ushered into the musical world under his protection, and, according to her letter, Madame Mara could not be expected to surpass her;—she could sing every thing. The lady accordingly came to England; but, upon hearing her sing, the Doctor, with his accustomed honesty, exclaimed, 'Madam, you must go back to Ireland; for, by G—, unless you and I were shut up in a band-box together, I could not hear you.'

"About the same time a person who had lavished an enormous sum in Italy upon the musical education of his wife, brought her to Dr. A. for lessons. The Doctor very candidly told him that the lady had no ear; she sung too sharp, and that nothing could be done. This was a severe stroke upon one who aspired to become the Prima Donna at the Opera. The Doctor's opinion was, however, verified by the public judgment; for I saw her advertised afterwards at Sadler's Wells or the Circus, in the ensuing winter.

"Marchesi is said to have devoted three entire years to equalising and perfecting two notes of his voice.

"It was long a favourite notion of mine, that the best way to begin the instruction of a singer would be to teach him to tune an instrument, or perhaps to play on the violin, while the first rudiments of singing were going on. This idea was confirmed by the fact, that Madame Mara was originally taught the violin. In a conversation which I held lately with that lady, she fully confirmed my opinion, by assuring me that had she a daughter, she should learn the fiddle before she sung a note. For, said Madame M. how can you best convey a just notion of slight variations in the pitch of a note? By a fixed instrument? No. By the voice? No. But by sliding the finger upon the string, you instantly make the most minute variation visibly as well as audibly perceptible.

"It is a very extraordinary fact, that an individual will catch in a moment, from hearing a thing done, that which he never, by the force of his own genius, could have been able to attain. This truth very curiously applies to mimicry. I have known several persons who would never have conceived themselves capable of imitating Kemble, Kean, and other actors, arrive at a very fair copy, by hearing such a man as Taylor or Matthews imitate them.

"A singer ought never to be satisfied, for I have never heard accomplishment so perfect that it might not have been carried further. Catalani could have taught Mara much—Mara could perhaps have taught Catalani more—and if we could have restrained Braham's imagination, or given Vaughan Braham's fertility, or to both Harrison's tone and finish, what a singer might have been compounded!"

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

## THE OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

Sooth's by the self-same ditty, see  
 The infant and the sire;  
 That smiling on the nurse's knee,  
 This weeping by the fire;  
 Where unobserved he finds a joy  
 To list its plaintive tone,  
 And silently his thoughts employ  
 On sorrows all his own

At once it comes, by memory's power,  
 The loved habitual theme,  
 Reserved for twilight's darkling hour,  
 A voluntary dream;  
 And as with thoughts of former years  
 His weakly eyes o'erflow,  
 None wonders at an old man's tears,  
 Or seeks his grief to know.

Think not he dotes because he weeps:  
 Conclusion, ah! how wrong!  
 Reason with grief joint empire keeps,  
 Indissolubly strong;  
 And oft in age a helpless pride  
 With jealous weakness pines,  
 (To second infancy allied)  
 And every wo refines.

How busy now his teeming brain,  
 Those murmuring lips declare;  
 Scenes never to return again  
 Are represented there.

He ponders on his infant years,  
 When first his race began,  
 And, oh! how wonderful appears  
 The destiny of man!  
 How swift those lovely hours were past,  
 In darkness closed how soon!  
 As if a winter's night o'ercast  
 The brightest summer's noon,

His withered hand he holds to view,  
 With nerves once firmly strung,  
 And scarcely can believe it true  
 That ever he was young.  
 And as he thinks o'er all his ills,  
 Disease, neglect, and scorn,  
 Strange pity of himself he feels,  
 Thus aged and forlorn.



FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

## PRINCE CHARLES'S JOURNEY INTO SPAIN.

THERE is no English historian who does not make especial mention of the Spanish match, and of the expedition of King Charles the First (then Prince of Wales) into Spain. It is not however generally known that, in order to quiet the alarms of the people, and probably to mitigate the public displeasure so likely to manifest itself, when the extraordinary situation, if not the imminent danger, to which the heir-apparent of the English throne was exposed should become generally understood, a very particular account of the reception given to the Prince on his arrival at Madrid was printed in England during his residence in the Spanish capital. It is a tract of great rarity; and as it betrays evident signs of having issued from head quarters, and besides throws no small light on the manners of the two courts at that period, we shall give some account of it in our present article.

The pamphlet is entitled *A true Relation and Journall of the Manner of the Arrivall and magnificent Entertainment, given to the high and mighty Prince Charles, Prince of Great Brittain, by the King of Spaine in his Court at Madrid. Published by Authority.* London, Printed by John Haviland for William Barret. 1623.

From this it appears that the Prince arrived at Madrid on Friday March the 7th, at eight in the evening, attended only by the Marquis of Buckingham, and the postillion with whom they had ridden post the three preceding days. They immediately went to the house of the Earl of Bristol, then ambassador at the Court, hoping that their names and rank might remain concealed. It soon however got whispered abroad that the Marquis was arrived, but the very next morning the Conde de Gondomar was privately informed of the real character of both these illustrious visitors, and instantly repaired to Lord Bristol's house, where he remained an hour in discourse with the Prince of Wales. In this conference it was agreed, that the King should be informed of the Marquis's presence, but the Prince's name was to be altogether concealed. The Conde de Gondomar engaged to effect this, and immediately carried the news of the Marquis's arrival to the Conde d'Olivares, the King's favourite, "who (says the writer of this authorized narrative) for his noble condition, and choice parts doth well deserue the large portion which the king his master affordeth him of his estimation and affection." After informing the King, Olivares sent to request permission to wait upon the Marquis, an honour which was declined, in order the more surely to conceal the Prince; but an appointment was made for the two nobles to meet that afternoon in the park, which they did, when the Marquis and his attendants, the Conde de Gondomar, the Earl of Bristol, and Sir Walter Aston, were led through a private way

into the royal presence: here the letters from King James the First were delivered, and then it was that, in the course of conversation, the great secret of the Prince's arrival was disclosed, "wherewith the king was extremely taken, and much transported with joy."

Although the time in which the Prince came, it being Lent, was one observed with peculiar strictness by the Spanish court and nation, the King resolved "to lay aside the consideration of the time," in order that he might pay more attention to his illustrious guest. The reason does not seem very apparent, but the first meeting between the King and Prince was appointed to take place on the *Prado*, and as if the parties were unknown to each other. To effect this, the Prince was driven thither in the Duke of Cea's coach, which passed and repassed that of the King several times, and although they had mutually agreed not to take any notice of each other, they were "not able to abstaine from saluting mutually, with the hat, as they passed by."

After this, a more direct interview was sought on the part of the King, who would have visited the Prince at his own apartments, had not the Prince strongly remonstrated against it, and proposed to pay that respect to his Majesty by waiting upon him at the palace. The King, however, on the other hand, would by no means allow this, alleging that the Prince had no sufficient equipage; and after much debate, the *Prado* was again fixed on as the place of introduction, and the time appointed was the evening, when it might be dark. The King was at the appointed spot first, and sent to the Prince to inform him of it, who immediately hastened thither, attended by the Conde de Gondomar, the Earl of Bristol, Sir Walter Aston, and Sir Francis Cottington, the Prince's Secretary.

"When they were upon the point of meeting, they alighted out of their coaches, and the King embraced the Prince, and made incomparable professions of his love and affection, and of the streight obligation which the King our Soueraigne and his Highnesse had cast upon him, by that maine act of confidence and favour."

The King then invited the Prince into his own coach, where they continued for some time in conversation, the Earl of Bristol interpreting between them.

On the 10th of March the Prince expressing a desire to see the King a second time, was conducted through a back way by the Conde d'Olivares, towards the palace. They were met by the King, who handed the Prince into his coach, and they were then driven towards the *Casa del Campo*, which is a house of pleasure belonging to the crown, near Madrid, where, after they had spent about an hour, his Majesty brought his illustrious guest nearly to the Earl of Bristol's house; nor would he suffer the Prince to pay the same compliment in return, which he was desirous of doing, by attending on the King to his own palace.

The eleventh and twelfth the Prince spent in "recreating him-

selfe abroad in the fields, the Earl of Bristol waiting on him with his hawkes."

On the thirteenth the Prince repaired a second time to the *Casa del Campo*, where the King with the infantes Don Carlos and Don Fernando were ready to receive him. After the usual salutations and very affectionate embracing between the parties, they were amused by a shooting exhibition, which over, the King attended the Prince homewards as before.

On the fourteenth, the King pardoned all criminals throughout the kingdom, "reserving only the rights and interests of third persons, as in the case of debts, appeals for murder and the like;" and liberated all the English condemned to the galleys for life, on account of piracy or other crimes.

On the fifteenth, which was Saturday, the King sent two horses to the Prince, desiring he would make choice of one to use the next day (that being the day appointed for the public entry), adding, that the one rejected would be used by the King himself. "Whereupon his Highnesse passed out into a garden, not farre from the Earle of Bristol's house, where, like himselfe, hee tooke paine and pleasure to try them both; to the end that if there were a difference, hee might take the lesse excellent to himselfe, and returne the other to the King."

On the sixteenth, the Prince made his public entry in the most magnificent manner, attended not only by the whole court, but even by the King himself, who, with Don Carlos and Don Fernando, conducted his Royal Highness to the apartments provided for him; where, for the first time, the King took the right hand of, and preceded, the Prince, considering the latter in his own house. So truly correct was the old Castilian notion of politeness.

The establishment provided for the Prince was of the most extensive and superb nature. The Conde de Monterey, brother-in-law to the Conde d'Olivares, and a grandee of the first rank in Spain, was appointed steward of the household, and the Conde de Gondomar and the Conde de Puebla were nominated his assistants: all indeed who waited on the Prince's person were of the rank of nobility; besides which the king assigned half his own guard to be on duty about the person of their royal visiter. Nor was this the whole; the Prince had in addition, the disposal of every office that happened to become vacant during his residence at the court.

The tract concludes with a description of the attentions paid to the Marquis of Buckingham, which, says the account "hath not beene seene imparted to any stranger, meerely a subject." It seems indeed more than probable that the whole statement was drawn up by, or at least under the superintendence of, that nobleman, who had not, at the time of its publication, become dissatisfied with a generous and confiding nation; nor, on the other hand, himself given disgust to the Spanish people, and above all to the Spanish court, by the insolence and licentiousness of his manners.

"This is the substance of that which passed at Madrid concerning the reception of the Prince, from the seventh of March (which was the day of his arrivall in that court) till the eighteenth of the same moneth. But that which may put a good full point to this relation, and withall fill the hearts of all the king our soueraigne's obedient and loyall subjects with much comfort, is to know, that the last messenger which came from his highnesse, left him in as prosperous and perfect health, as ever he had been knowne to enjoy; and whereas vertue when it is soundly practised at home, shewes faire abroad; the comportment of his highnesse in the place where now hee is, hath made such a prospect upon his noble and princely parts in all respects, as may well give vs cause to reioyce, and to render humble thankes vnto almighty God for the same.

FINIS."

So concludes this *Gazette extraordinary* detailing the proceedings of Prince Charles for nearly one month. It is not impossible that we may endeavour, in a future number, to throw some light upon the subsequent proceedings of the Prince and his companions during this important journey; for important it was in every sense, and in nothing more so, than as it introduced him to his future consort Henrietta Maria. In the mean time we may be allowed to illustrate the preceding narrative by a few extracts from contemporary and well-informed writers.

It appears from Sir Henry Wotton's account that the Prince and Buckingham left the Marquis's late purchase, Newhall in Essex, on the 18th of February; they wore disguised beards, and assumed the names of Thomas and John Smith. Sir Richard Graham, master of the horse, accompanied them. When they passed the river at Gravesend, they were constrained, from want of silver, to give the boatman a two-and-twenty shilling piece, which led the fellow to suspect that they were going beyond sea to decide some quarrel, and accordingly he acquainted the officers of the town with his fears, who sent orders to Rochester to have the travellers detained. They however had left that town before the messenger arrived. At Canterbury they were actually arrested by the mayor in person, but the Duke, pulling off his disguise, told the magistrate that he was going to take a view of the King's fleet then in preparation on the narrow seas, and that the gentlemen with him were friends disguised in order to accompany him on the same errand. At Dover they found Sir Francis Cottington and Mr. Endymion Porter, who had provided a vessel, in which they sailed, on the 19th, to France. When at Paris they had the good fortune to see the King, Queen, and Princess Henrietta Maria without being discovered; the latter they obtained a sight of, at the preparation of a masque, to which they got admission by pressing after some gentlemen, whom, by accident, they heard mention the sight! It was at this masque, that Charles fell in love with the beauty and grace of his future Queen.

Sir Richard Wynn of Gwydir, who was one of the gentlemen of

the Privy Chamber to Prince Charles, wrote "a briefe Relation of what was observed by the Prince's servants in their journey into Spain in the yeare 1623." This was printed from a MS. in Dr. Mead's library by Hearne, at the end of one of his antiquarian publications, in 1729. One anecdote from it is amusing enough to transcribe, and with that we will, for the present, conclude.

"Here let me not forget a passage that happened at a village called St. Augusteen, where we bayted. His Highnesse being arrived with my Lord Marques at the Inne, up comes to them, out of a coach that stayd at the door, two Spaniards, who, having saluted them, told them, they had received many courtesies in England, and understanding they were of those parts, and strangers here, they desired to serve them in any thing they could. The Prince thanked them, and then falling into divers discourses, the Spaniards told them, what a number of handsome women they had seen in England, naming the Lady Somerset, the Lady Salisbury, the Lady Windsor, and divers others. The Prince then told them that he had seen one of the handsomest ladyes in the world, a Spaniard, that was wife to an ambassador's sonne, that was then in England; but, saies the Prince, *she had the most jealous coxcomb in the world to her husband, a very long ear'd asse, such a thing as deserved not to be master of such a beauty.* The one of them stood blank awhile, and after he had mused a time, he answered, that he knew them both very well, and that they lived as happily together as any couple did. Passe at last over that discourse they did, and very inquisitive they were to know their lodgings at Madrid, and their names. They answered they were brothers, their names Smyths, their lodgings at the extraordinary ambassadors the Earl of Bristol's. So they took their leaves of them, but with farr more sullen countenances than they came. The Prince observed it, and marvelled what might be the cause, but thinking of their journey drove that conceit quickly out of their heads. The next morning after they came to Madrid, before they were ready, one brings them up word to their lodgings, that two Spanish gentlemen desired to speak to them. They wondering who they might be, sent for them up, when they found they were those they met by the way. The Spaniards as they came up staires had notice who the Prince was. Then entering the room, desired pardon for not being more serviceable when they met him, but they hoped, their not knowing him was a sufficient excuse. The Prince thanked them, and used them very courteously. Having talked of divers things, and being ready to part, the one steps to the Prince, and told him; "I came with an intention to let you know, that I was husband to that lady you had so commended by the way, and to have had right done me for the ill language you then bestowed upon me, but knowing who you are, I am confident you have all this by relation, and not of your own knowledge." The Prince blushed and sayd, "It's true, I have been told so, but since I have had thus much knowledge, I will be ready to justifye the contrary." The other Spaniard, his companion, that had heard the day afore all the discourse, smiles, and claps his fellow on the back, and sayes, *This is the asse with the long eares, that was so jealous of a faire lady: so all ended in a comedy, and so they parted.*"

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FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

*Memoir of the Life and Character of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke; with Specimens of his Poetry and Letters, and an Estimate of his Genius and Talents, compared with those of his Contemporaries. By James Prior, Esq. 8vo. 584 pp. 16s. Baldwin and Co. 1824.*

WE observe among the recommendatory notices of this work which have appeared in the newspapers, that a distinguished pre-

late considers the volume highly interesting, and as complete "as the materials possessed by the author will allow." When the reader is informed that the materials are remarkably scarce, he will appreciate the discrimination of the right reverend encomiast, and not think the worse of Mr. Prior for extracting a compliment out of a censure.

There are many, however, to whom the publication will prove instructive; because there are many who have arrived at years of discretion since the deeds of Edmund Burke were "familiar as household words" in every mouth, and who have not taken the trouble to search out his history from the chronicles and pamphlets of the age which he adorned. But the well-informed youth, or the aged, who have tenacious memories, will discover little that is new in the lucubrations of Mr. Prior. The real and authentic life of Burke is still a desideratum in literature and history; and it can be supplied by those only who are in possession of his confidential papers. Mr. Prior has gleaned a handful of correspondence with the family of Burke's Irish schoolmaster, and a few letters to Lord Charlemont and others.—The former exhibit an affectionate and grateful character, the latter are of very little consequence. The political secrets of the great orator are not yet revealed to the world, and ample room is left for the work which has been long promised and looked for, and which we hope is yet to see the light.

Having thus put the reader upon his guard against expecting what Mr. Prior is not enabled to furnish, we are at liberty to speak in more favourable terms of the work which he *has* presented to the public. It is an honest and well-written history of Mr. Burke, chiefly compiled from parliamentary documents, and interspersed with interesting private anecdotes. To say that it is better than its predecessors is not saying much:—to say that it is worthy of its subject would be extravagant and absurd. It is too apologetic for history, and too laudatory for those who honour without worshipping Mr. Prior's idol. Yet, on the whole, it is a creditable and spirited memoir; and we can recommend it to the perusal of those who wish to make acquaintance with Burke.

The preface states the various opinions which have been expressed respecting this eminent man, and the principal object of the volume is to prove each of them incorrect.

"Great as this eminent man's reputation is, it stands, as far as party feelings are concerned, in rather a singular predicament. It is well known he would not go all lengths with any body of men; that he had an utter abhorrence of any thing resembling arrogant domination from any quarter; and that by endeavouring to preserve a certain balance of powers in the state, in different orders of the community, and in different interests, religious, political, and commercial of the kingdom, by stepping in to the assistance of the weak against the strong, which is, after all, the duty of honest patriotism and sound wisdom, he incurred censure from the more violent of every class. He was assailed by the zealots of power for opposing the coercion of America, and for prosecuting Mr. Hastings; by the zealots of licentious freedom, for opposing the French Revolution; by zealots in religion, for advocating the cause of the Dissenters and Roman Catholics; and by other zealots in affairs of less moment.



"While therefore the two great divisions in politics, one more especially, think it a kind of duty to write down his name for the purpose of exalting others; and a more violent, though small body, known under various harsh and odious appellations, have sworn a kind of eternal enmity to his name for the overthrow of their doctrines at his hands, during the revolutionary fever, no special party remains on whom devolves the business of upholding his fame. Depreciation and abuse from his opponents remain uncontradicted. If he has not written and spoken himself into repute, nobody else perhaps can do it for him: nobody else certainly has attempted it. He is left to the buoyancy of his own merits; to sink or swim by intrinsic powers. 'For what I have been,' said he, 'I put myself upon my country;' and among the educated and dispassionate part of it, he has no reason to complain of the decision. He has worked his way into general esteem, not by the applauding pens of intoxicated followers, but by more eloquent though less noisy advocates; by the slow, but steady and sure, evolution of public opinion; by the living and speaking evidences to his deserts of a constitution preserved from demolition or inroad, an unshaken throne, an unpolluted altar, an unplundered nobility and gentry, and the preservation of those moral ties and habitudes, which bind together and form the safeguard of the whole.

"Misrepresentation, indeed, answers its end for a time. And it is sometimes amusing to observe the ignorance or prejudice, respecting Mr. Burke, on public matters, which prevails among many, who, at a venture, attribute to him any thing that happens to be unpopular at the moment—circumstances, in which he had no participation or interest, and principles, which he disclaimed. In this spirit, a reverend president of a political society at Liverpool, not long ago, stigmatized him as a deserter from the cause of parliamentary reform; more than one of the orators of the Common Council of London repeated the accusation, among others equally accurate; at some of the county meetings he was spoken of as a sinecure placeman, and an enemy to liberty; even at one of the largest book establishments in London, on inquiring for a volume in which it happened to be said there was something concerning him, 'A satire, Sir, I suppose,' was the reply, as if satire was the legitimate coin with which his public labours deserved to be repaid. In a private company of that rank in society where the writer least expected to hear such observations, his motives in the impeachment of Mr. Hastings were sharply arraigned by some members of what are called the *Indian Interest*, though none of them could assign any thing like an improper motive; in another company less select, he was admitted to be a most surprising man, but unhappily opposed to the reformation of all abuses in government; in a third, he was an ingenious and able writer, but too *flowery* in his style; in a fourth, his political conduct was said to be regulated by regard merely to his own interests; in a fifth, it was a matter of charge that he had no private property—that he took the profits of his literary labours—and at length accepted of a pension; so that, by this ingenious logic, the original sin of want of fortune was not permitted to be remedied, either by the fair exertion of those talents with which Providence had endowed him, or by the public gratitude of his country. All these facts came lately under the eye and ear of the writer; they are samples of what is heard every day; and are only remarkable as coming from men who would have felt not a little indignant at being told they were talking untruths or nonsense.

"Another order of persons of more influence and information, chiefly public writers, who have in view to exalt another great political name, think it necessary to their purpose to lower, though indirectly and circuitously, the reputation of Mr. Burke.

"From these we hear of him frequently as a man of genius, of brilliant fancy, and amusing talents—carefully keeping out of view, as if they were wholly unknown, those higher and more profound qualities of mind, which form his chief claims to distinction. Sometimes again, he is what they call a philosophical politician, meaning something different from a statesman: sometimes he is even admitted to be the greatest writer of the age, though with an utter oblivion of that parliamentary eloquence which made his name, as an orator, more celebrated on the continent of Europe than those of either of his two great rivals; which enabled him to take the lead for many years in the House of Commons; and which drew the then unusual honour of an invitation to represent one of the chief cities in the kingdom. At other times, hints are dropped of how much better his genius would have been exerted otherwise than in politics. This opinion, at best is but mere

trifling. We have no right to speculate on what he might have been, but what he was. Added to an early bias towards the pursuit, there is perhaps little doubt but that more of the strength of his mind was put forth by the contentions of politics, than by any other species of discussion. But independent of this, if he has left behind in the track of life which he chose, more for fame than either of his contemporaries; namely, the finest orations in our language, the ablest and most eloquent political disquisitions, the introduction or support of a series of important constitutional measures for nearly 30 years together, and a reputation perhaps above any other for practical wisdom, not resting on mere opinion, but on record in his speeches and writings—surely it savours of impertinence to say he would have succeeded better in any thing else." *Preface*, p. xii.

This is, on the whole, well said; and if Mr. Prior had contented himself with vindicating his hero against the various accusations here mentioned, his endeavours might have been crowned with success. To maintain, as has been recently done, by a veteran antagonist, that Burke was a dishonest politician, swayed by interest and other base motives, is a charge which recoils upon the accuser, and subjects him to that odium which he endeavoured to heap upon his enemy. To underrate the splendid talents, or question the vast learning of Burke, would be an idle and childish task; and they that hate him most, are seldom weak enough to venture upon it. Mr. Prior has collected ample proofs of the virtue, the genius, the eloquence, the industry of his hero; and we have no fellow-feeling with the party or the individual that refuses to consider Mr. Burke as an honour to his country and his species. But the comparative merits of British statesmen, is a point upon which difference of opinion is allowable and inevitable. And Mr. Prior claims a higher rank for the subject of his memoir, than the majority are inclined or authorized to confirm.—Not satisfied with answering all the grosser charges against Mr. Burke, (the slight ones, as we shall see hereafter are very slightly noticed) his biographer would make us believe that the eloquent Edmund was the first of human beings, and that nothing but partiality and prejudice prevent the universal acknowledgment of that great truth.

"MR. BURKE, MR. PITT, MR. FOX.

"It may be an object of inquiry among those who look minutely to development of mind, to estimate the relative capacity and powers which these three great statesmen and orators displayed during their career, and the rank which they are likely to hold on the roll of history. No formal parallel will be attempted here; each has his partisans, and each certainly possesses peculiar merits of his own. But as it is not the eminence of one or two faculties, but the general results of various excellence, that forms the criterion by which great men are usually judged and compared by posterity, so as in this view Cicero has been awarded the first place among the Romans, and perhaps Greeks also, Mr. Burke is pretty certain to take the same stand among the moderns. At present, indeed, political feelings and partialities may tempt many to question this; he is yet too near our own time. His great competitors have besides left their names as watch-words and rallying points to two great parties in the state, who, inspired by a sense of party honour and consequence, claim the same distinction each for its particular leader. But party feelings, at least towards individuals, seldom outlive the generation they influence; a century, or less, completely dissolves the spell; men begin then to look around them for some better evidences of desert than the possession of temporary power or popularity furnish. Fame indeed is a capricious offering; Milton had little or no reputation as a poet while he lived, and for years afterwards;

Dryden, not more than some other writers whose names are sunk in utter obscurity; several men have almost governed our House of Commons, whose claim to such distinction no one now acknowledges; Mirabeau ruled the National Assembly, yet what historian will venture to class him among the good, or the truly great? Even Demosthenes and Cicero during their lives only divided public applause with rivals whom none would now think of placing in comparison.

"No man has excelled, or possibly equalled Mr. Pitt in the management of the Cabinet, in a tact for business, in finance, in that uncommon dexterity which adapting itself, though without subserviency, at once to the wishes of the sovereign, and to the fluctuating feelings of the public, never, during so long a period of time, lost the confidence of either. His powers were only exceeded by his prudence.

"In no point of ability could Mr. Fox be deemed inferior, and in bursts of overpowering eloquence was considered often to have the advantage. But as a popular idol, as one born to lead a formidable party in Parliament, and to extract out of casual political coadjutors, devoted and enthusiastic personal friends, he stood alone, and far above all other men. Mr. Burke never did, and Mr. Pitt, had it been his lot to labour during his life in the ungracious work of opposition, never could have approached to an equality with him in this respect. His only wants, perhaps, were that caution and moderation in which Mr. Pitt excelled.

"Mr. Burke, on the other hand, in addition to displaying an equality with them in their most distinguished characteristics, possessed other and various powers to which they had little pretension; and considering that he had to fight his way in the House of Commons, from comparative obscurity, through vexatious jealousies and difficulties which never thwarted the career of his great competitors, and buoyed up solely by his talents, he accomplished more than they did for fame. A few, and but a few, of his principles of policy have been noticed; the detail belongs to the history of the country, and would require a larger volume than the present to itself. They embraced, during a period of 30 years, the whole of our foreign, colonial, and domestic relations, under every variety of form and situation; his views extremely clear, more enlarged sometimes than those of Mr. Pitt,—more precise and accurate than those of Mr. Fox; and though not infallible, no man has committed so few mistakes, who took so decided a part on such a multiplicity of subjects. It would be a hazardous matter to point out any gift or capacity, as a statesman, in which Mr. Burke was deficient: in foresight, the first and most important of all, he confessedly far excelled his great contemporaries, and all his predecessors.

"The same superiority belongs to him in most of the natural and acquired powers necessary to constitute the great orator, and this is not merely the verdict of the *critic*, but he actually exhibited a power over his *audience*, sometimes in the House of Commons, and more than once in Westminster Hall, to which they never attained. Their oratory was often inferior to his in extent of information, and always, in striking illustration, in the impression conveyed to the mind of greater wisdom, in wit and ridicule, in pathos, in imagery, in (an useful but sometimes dangerous power) force of invective, above all in that kindling of genius, called by the critics the eloquence of passion, and which they deem essential to great success. In ordinary business his powers were perhaps less conspicuous than in affairs of importance: his speeches, at such times, imparted something like the idea of an ocean of mind: he did not latterly engage in, or like, the common routine of opposition, but, as has been said of Shakspeare, he was always great when a great occasion called for it.

"If in so many requisites, which go to the formation of a distinguished political character, we find Mr. Burke on a level, or above his great rivals in public life, there are others of no slight moment in which comparison tells to their disadvantage.

"As a writer, it is scarcely necessary to advert to his vast superiority. Mr. Pitt, indeed, did not seriously contend for the honours of the press; Mr. Fox composed slowly, and with labour, very unlike his mode of speaking, sometimes complaining of the difficulty of the process as almost vexatious; Mr. Burke was rapid in composition, though patient in careful revision, and, independent of mere literary execution, there are more traces of vigour and originality of mind in any one of his pamphlets than in Mr. Fox's History. In the extent of his general knowledge he excelled them both. As a man of general genius (Sir Joshua Reynolds certainly had him in his eye in the definition of that quality), who seemed capable of sur-

passing in any pursuit to which he chose to devote his attention, he excelled them. As a philosophical critic, the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, places him far above them; and in that general truth of deduction from experience and from appearances, whether in the moral, natural, or political world, which constitutes the philosopher, his superiority is equally incontestable. In powers of conversation he far excelled them. In a fine and correct taste for the arts he excelled them. In classical learning he was at least on a par with them; and in classical criticism, though Mr. Fox was an excellent critic, he had perhaps the advantage in depth and ingenuity. Even in epistolary communication, the business of some men, and the occasional occupation of all, the same marked superiority, whether in the familiar letter or the more formal exposition of public business, is as obvious as in any other of his talents. Of his pre-eminence over Mr. Fox, with whom he has been more particularly compared in the various excellences constituting a very great man, Dr. Johnson, with characteristic precision, stated his conviction in a single sentence; 'Sir,' said he, alluding to some political opinions of Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'he is too much under the influence of the Fox (dog) star, and the Irish constellation.' Among politicians he is what Michael Angelo is among artists.

"Viewed in whatever light, he must always be considered a most extraordinary man—extraordinary in his talents, in his acquirements, in his rise, in his progress, and in his end; for the last efforts of his mind rise in power and in brilliancy over almost any of the preceding. He lived in a momentous time, and seemed made for such an occasion by the delight he felt in strong excitements, and the splendour of the exertions to which they gave rise. He may be considered in politics what the great reformers were in religion, possessed of zeal, powers, and perseverance, altogether boundless, to influence at favourable moments, the minds of men from their customary channels of thought to such as he deemed more advantageous. He was peculiarly fitted for being the great presiding genius of a country, and his great contemporaries should have been his ministers; he should have originated measures, and they have carried them into execution. Public servants, as able as they were, and (if that be any criterion of merit) infinitely more successful, have been often seen in the world, but it has required two thousand years to produce one Cicero and one Burke. Great as his fame is, it is not probably near its height; calculated as he is, in the various characters of statesman, orator, and writer, to descend to a late period of time, to gain in reputation as he recedes from the fleeting animosities and prejudices of the day, and perhaps to excite regret and surprise that we should have had among us the great master-spirit in political prophesying and teaching, and not oftener have profited by his admonitions.

" 'This I deliberately and steadily affirm,' writes a learned man more than once quoted, after an animated eulogy on him as a critic and philosopher, 'that of all the men who are, or who ever have been, eminent for energy or splendour of eloquence, or for skill and grace in composition, there is not one who, in genius or erudition, in philanthropy or piety, or in any of the qualities of a wise and good man, surpasses Burke.'

" 'To whom,' said Sheridan in his happier moments, 'I look up with homage, whose genius is commensurate to his philanthropy, whose memory will stretch itself beyond the fleeting objects of any little, partial, temporary shuffling, through the whole range of human knowledge and honourable aspirations after human good, as large as the system which forms life, as lasting as those objects which adorn it.' " P. 559.

As a comparison between Burke, Pitt, and Fox, all this is partial and incomplete. It dilates upon the strong points of the first, and passes very rapidly over those in which he was deficient. Mr. Prior attributes the present admiration of Pitt and Fox to the circumstance of their names having become the rallying point of parties. But why was not Mr. Burke the rallying word of a party also, if he has surpassed or equalled his great competitors? As a writer, he was of course superior to them both; because the one wrote nothing, and the other wrote indifferently. As a philosopher and critic, he may also be far enough beyond Mr. Pitt, who was immersed in business from his boyhood; and Mr. Fox, who

was so long a man of pleasure. But as practical statesmen, the simple fact is, that while the other two easily attained and long preserved the highest place, reputation and power in the country, the third never possessed it for a moment; and if it had been freely conferred upon him, he would not have retained it for a year. Mr. Prior's endeavour to explain away the superior success of Fox, is not remarkable for its success.

"Thus terminated the most hardy and able-fought party struggle in our history, and with it virtually the war in which it originated; but it did not leave Mr. Burke, as it found him, undisputed leader of his party.

"Mr. Fox, his political pupil and friend, who had been for some time treading closely on his heels, now advanced to an equality in the conduct of Parliamentary business, and finally took the lead. For this there were obvious reasons. Inferior to his tutor, as a great and commanding orator, and what ought to be of more consequence to the country—as a wise and sound statesman, he frequently excelled most men in vigour of debate; but more especially possessed a peculiar tact beyond all his contemporaries and all his predecessors without exception, for being at the head of a political party. He enjoyed all the weight which birth and connexion (and these are essential objects among the Whigs of England) could give: his acquaintance with the great was necessarily extensive, and his friendships nearly as general; with the young, by community of pursuits and pleasures; with the old and staid, by community of information and talent. His fortune was considerable, had it not been squandered, his temper in general easy, his thirst for popularity excessive, his manners were adapted to gain it, and his sacrifices to ensure it; his very faults and weaknesses were with many more matter of jest and favour than of censure. Some of his doctrines were more to the taste of the people, who placed confidence in his sincerity; and with scarcely a shilling he could call his own, they were pleased to think him in spirit the most independent.

"In all these points he had the advantage over his coadjutor, who also suffered some loss of weight by his rejection at Bristol, by his disregard of the popular voice when he thought it ill-directed, by a more uncompromising temper, by being supposed a dependant of Lord Rockingham, and, among a certain class, by being a native of Ireland. There was unquestionably a jealousy of the merits and influence of Mr. Burke, even among many who advocated the same cause, which nothing but very uncommon powers and exertions enabled him to surmount, and of which he complained. Under all these disadvantages, however, he had kept the lead in the Commons for ten years; and, had Lord North fallen three years sooner, would have been made efficient Minister; the common opinion, early expressed at the table of Lord Rockingham, being, that 'he was the only man who could save the empire from dismemberment.' Even just before that Minister's resignation, he himself remarks he had obtained a considerable share of public confidence, notwithstanding the jealousy and obloquy which had assailed him during much of his career. 'I do not say I saved my country—I am sure I did my country much service. There were few indeed that did not at that time acknowledge it.'

"That Mr. Fox should now prevail, with Westminster at his back, with unbounded popularity in the nation, and the advantage of that aristocratic feeling in his favour, obviously inherent in all our arrangements, is not surprising. Mr. Burke, who considered humility in the estimate of ourselves a species of moral duty, submitted to the sense of his party without a murmur. A vain man would have resented this; a weak one complained of it; an ambitious or selfish one probably taken advantage of it on the first opportunity to quit the connexion for ever, and throw the weight of his name and talents into the opposite scale.

"In the division of the spoil of offices, his share was a seat in the Privy Council, and the Paymaster-Generalship of the Forces, then the most lucrative office in the State, and remarkable for having been held by Lords Chatham, Holland, North, and Charles Townshend, previous to their becoming first Ministers. Considerable surprise was expressed at his not being included in the Cabinet; one reason assigned for which was his desire to purge the office in question, though the real one perhaps was the necessities of his party, which required the Cabinet offices



for men of greater family and Parliamentary interest, though of far inferior talents; and also for Lord Shelburne and his friends; who enjoyed a large share of royal favour. It is also true that he drove no bargain on the subject; expressing to his friends sentiments similar to those of a great statesman of the present day\*—his willingness to serve, not where ambition might dictate, but where the general interests of government required." P. 260.

These are inconsistent and self-contradictory statements. It is not possible that a man who had been "undisputed leader of his party" for so many years, should descend to the Paymastership of the Forces, while his reputation continued unimpaired. Mr. Fox's accession might have taken the lead out of his hands; but it would not have reduced him to a fourth-rate post. That post had been occupied by Chatham and North; but not *after* they had been the decided leaders of the House of Commons. Irish birth, want of connexion, &c. are also insufficient explanation of the difficulty; and the reader who trusts implicitly to Mr. Prior, will never be able to explain the neglect which attended the hero of his work.

To put an end to this embarrassment in the shortest manner, we must endeavour to form a more accurate picture of Mr. Burke's character and services than the attachment of his biographer will suffer him to draw. That picture will not exhibit him in an unfavourable light. Our intention upon this subject has been already sufficiently expressed: but perhaps it will account for the failure of many of his plans, and for his comparative want of success in the political race, without imputing any gross misconduct either to his enemies or his friends.

We believe then, that upon a candid review of the life of this extraordinary man, it will be found, that he was much wiser in contemplation than in action, and that he was deficient, to an unusual degree in the art of governing his fellow creatures. He knew well enough how it ought to be done; but he could not do it. And influenced throughout his career by a hatred of oppression and tyranny, he was remarkably ill-calculated for distinguishing himself in the *government* of a free country. Look to the American war; where every one now admits, that Burke was theoretically right. Was he ever able to convince the nation of the justice of his views? Did not his unmeasured violence contribute to strengthen the anti-American feeling which existed in this country, and to make England more willing to support an expensive and disastrous war? Did not his commendation of the American patriots, who, like other patriots, had their own ends to serve, and were, on many points, decidedly in the wrong, distract the attention of the public from the origin of the national quarrel, in which those same persons were as decidedly in the right? No historical fact is more certain, than that the war with America was popular. Mr. Burke exerted all his powers to make it unpopular; and he failed. The same thing occurred in another great undertaking—the introduction of a more liberal system of commercial regulations, particularly by opening the trade of Ireland. So unfortunate were his

\* Mr. Canning's speech at Liverpool, September, 1822.



attempts on this subject, on which the wisdom and justice of his views are unquestionable, that he could not keep his ground, even among his own supporters and partizans, and was compelled to retire from the representation of Bristol, with the loss of much political consequence.

The coalition between Lord North and Mr. Fox, is generally supposed to have been Mr. Burke's work, and a more fatal obstacle to the power of his own party, and, therefore, as he supposed to the good of the country, could hardly have been created by man. The aristocratical influence of the Whigs, and the popularity of Mr. Fox, was separately very great. But when the two were to be combined by such a *vinculum* as Lord North, their good qualities served only to neutralize each other, and their bad ones precipitated them from their places. The share which Mr. Burke had in the concoction of the India Bill, is a very doubtful point. Some men attribute the measure solely to his counsels; and their opinion is, on the whole, the most probable; and thus, with Mr. Prior, give the credit of the scheme to Fox: but they admit, that Burke was its most strenuous supporter, and his imagination never led him further astray than when it taught him to defend so unnecessary, so useless, so unconstitutional a measure.

We pass rapidly over the Regency, and the Impeachment.—The former was a mere struggle for power; and Burke gave great offence to the friends of the King, and very little satisfaction to the supporters of the Prince of Wales. In the Impeachment he observed no proportion between his charges and his evidence; and its ultimate effect was to varnish the deformities of a bad system, by an unsuccessful attempt to lay the blame of it upon a single individual. It cannot be denied, that India had reason to complain; and that the prodigious exertions of Mr. Burke contributed to procure a redress of her grievances; but he raised a tempest in which the star of truth became invisible, and few could learn what course to steer. If Hastings was guilty, Burke failed to prove him so. If innocent, the impeachment was a monster of cruelty and injustice. We do not attribute Mr. Burke's conduct in this business to private motives (though Mr. Prior ought to have known that such motives have been assigned): we believe that it had its original in the same ungovernable temper which, on so many occasions, made a dupe and a victim of Mr. Burke.

The French Revolution was the last and greatest scene of his exertions. And it was here that his character became fully known, his sincerity and independence placed above all question, and the errors of earlier days atoned for. His writings on the Revolution will immortalize Edmund Burke; and they will be consulted as a storehouse of wit, eloquence, wisdom, and truth, as long as the language in which they are written shall endure. But never was his imagination more wanton and wandering than in these great works. His defence, or rather his praise of the Court of France, before the Revolution, was an outrage on common sense

and decency. His invectives against the English admirers of the Revolution, were too bitter and general, and goaded thousands into the arms of Jacobinism, who might have been withdrawn, by different usage, from her snare. And although he was the first to perceive the rising storm, and foretel its amazing fury, we are indebted to the prudence and energy of others for weathering the storm in safety.

In each, therefore, of his greater undertakings, Mr. Burke wanted the first requisite for a practical statesman—the power of persuading and governing his fellow creatures. He had not the art of inducing the country to listen to his counsels, or trust to his guidance. Whether it was that an overbearing disposition disabled him from forming a band of able supporters, or that his friends shrank back from following him in the slippery paths he was prepared to tread; or that he could not convince his hearers of the justice and advantage of the measures which he determined to pursue, it was still the want of a capacity for government, that prevented him from taking his seat by the side of Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox. When we compare him with the statesmen of his own age, it is impossible to assign him the first or even the second place. But if we turn to those of the present day, more especially to those who advocate the cause of Opposition, where can we discover the slightest vestige of his mantle? Sincere and sober piety, unblemished private character, chivalrous spirit, profound learning, and imaginative eloquence, are out of fashion now; and the popular cause is entrusted to political hacks, and political quacks, who would not have ventured to open their mouths in the Augustan age of the House of Commons.

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SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

**ON THE MINES OF MEXICO.**

(Communicated by a Gentleman intimately connected with Mexico.)

THE public attention has of late been directed in an unusual degree to the former possessions of Spain in the western world. It is now fully three centuries since both Mexico and Peru became known by report to Europeans, and it is natural for the public to inquire the causes of so long a period having elapsed, without a more direct acquaintance with these deposits of mineral treasure.

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In 1810, the colonists took up arms, and commenced those insurrections, which, varied in their success, and interrupted by frequent periods of pacification, have prevailed more or less during the last fourteen years. These were attended with incalculable injury to the mining districts; buildings being overturned, machinery destroyed, and the income of the proprietors reduced to a degree which, in a country thinly peopled, and bare of capital, could not

for many years be recovered. Hence an accumulation of water in the mines, and an inability in the owners to defray the costs of the machinery and labour required to extract it. The consequence was, that Mexico, which formerly supplied four or five millions sterling of silver a-year, has not, since 1811, averaged more than half that quantity. The aid of foreigners was thus strongly called for; but there existed throughout all Spanish America a regulation of serious import to English capitalists, we mean the prohibition of any foreigner, except a Spaniard, holding mines in property, either separately or in partnership. It was only in the last and present year that the Mexican Congress rendered it lawful for foreigners to hold property in mines. This may be regarded as the commencement of a new era; for no two countries can render each other more substantial service than England and Mexico, the one abounding in mineral treasure, the other possessing the means of extracting it from the bowels of the earth, and applying capital, science and machinery, to the requisite processes in every stage.

This view of the relative situation of the two countries has already been taken by the persons most competent to form an opinion. Mr. John Taylor, of London, is well known as an engineer particularly conversant with mining business, and, from the remarks prefixed to his lately published "*Selections from Humboldt*," we find that he has long been struck "with the richness of the Mexican mines, with the breadth of their lodes or metallic veins, the great productiveness of certain portions of these veins, and, in particular, with the amount of profit obtained from them under management of the rudest and most expensive kind." A beginning in the application of English machinery in Spanish America was made several years ago, steam-engines having been sent out to the mines of Potosi and Peru, and found to answer extremely well, until their operation was suspended by the political disorders of the country. At present there are in London no less than three associations formed, "for aiding in working the mines of Mexico." One of these originated in a proposal of Don Lucas Alaman, a well-known public character in Mexico, who having, when in Europe, resided chiefly at Paris, was desirous that the first proposal for a mining company should be issued in the French capital. But our southern neighbours, whatever may be their prowess in the field, or their fame in theory, discover very little enterprise in mercantile speculation. The attempt having failed at Paris, was renewed under better auspices in London, and a capital of £240,000 was speedily subscribed, the company taking the name of "*The United Mexican Association*."

Posterior in point of time, but nearly equal in amount of capital, is the company called *Real del Monte*, from the district containing their mines, which is situated about sixty miles north of the city of Mexico. This Company is composed chiefly of proprietors of English mines, and is less open to the public at large,

than the third and greatest of the three, the Anglo-Mexican, whose capital is a Million Sterling. Most of the mines taken up by this Company are in Guanaxuato, a district of great metallic wealth, but of which the name was hardly known in Europe, until the appearance, fourteen years ago, of Humboldt's well known work. Contracts of partnership, in several of the mines in that district, were made in Mexico by individuals, and transferred in London to this Association.

On hearing of several associations formed for a common object, it is natural to suspect the existence of rivalry or jealousy among them. But all who have had experience in mining business are aware, that any feeling of this nature would be misplaced: the market for the produce of mines is unbounded; and if, in a district so narrow as that of the Cornish mines, jealousy has totally ceased, much more ought it to disappear in Mexico, where the field is so wide, and the number of mines, great and small, is computed at no less than 3000. Besides, the uncertainty, inseparable from mining, and the unforeseen difficulties occurring in a new country, are powerful reasons for a cordial co-operation with each other; and we learn with satisfaction, that they are considered in that light by the different associations.

Objections are frequently made to the probability of their success, from the unsettled state of Mexico, in a political sense. While we readily allow, that the Mexicans may be termed *très nouveaux dans tout ce qui regarde l'administration*, and that the sway of a Washington, during the ensuing twenty years, would be to them the greatest of boons; we must, on the other hand, maintain, that political dissensions are not likely to oppose any serious obstacle to the success of speculations which, tending directly to benefit both the public and individuals, have a claim to the favour of all parties. A public depredator could gain little by the seizure of machinery, or of ore; and if specie, in a refined state, present a more tempting prize, it is apparent, first; that the quantity kept on hand needs not, at any time, be large; and, next, that so long as a government can at all stand its ground, it will extend protection to property in bullion as readily as to property in land, houses or merchandise. "Our ores," it is said in an official report to the Mexican Congress, in November, 1823, "require for their manufacture a great stock of machinery, and a large quantity of what are called 'mining stores.' The owner of mines distributes capital, employs labourers and artisans; in short, the prosperity of many classes in the community depends on the impulse given to them, by activity at the mines: hence the expediency of the late reduction of duty on our bullion, and of encouraging the exportation of machinery from Europe." To this we may add, that the letters lately received from our countrymen, in the different mining districts in Mexico, express great satisfaction at the friendly disposition of the inhabitants.

On the protection of the Government, our countrymen may, we

believe, confidently depend: their real difficulties in mining operations lie, in our opinion, in expense, in particular, in the length of land-carriage and the cost of fuel. How far can means be devised for lessening these heavy charges? The country has few navigable rivers, and the formation of canals is probably remote; but the roads may soon be improved by the application of British capital. Next, as to fuel; Mexico, different from the uncultivated provinces of the United States, being in general bare of timber, how, it may be asked, can steam be called in to aid the labours of the miner? Is the geological structure of the mining districts such as to afford a hope of finding peat, coal, or any mineral combustible? Failing these, is the climate such as to favour the growth of particular kinds of wood, which, when cultivated with an almost unlimited command of territorial surface, might supply the requisite fuel? On these points information is, we understand, at present, very anxiously expected. Of wood, the stock is, in some parts, abundant, in others scanty; but, supposing the application of steam-machinery to be at present only partial, a great point will be gained by merely bringing British capital in aid of the mine-owners, whom the late war, and the disorders that followed, had so completely impoverished.

The next and almost equally important question, will be the mode of dressing and refining the ores. The process of separating the ore from the dross in its earliest stage, is termed *dressing*; and, like other branches connected with mining, has, in this country, experienced great improvement in the course of the present age. This has been effected by the application of improved machinery; such as, stamping mills and crushing rollers. After this first process, the ore is farther refined by smelting, as practised in England, or by amalgamating, as is frequent in Germany; the former taking place by the aid of fuel, the latter by the application of quicksilver.

The Mexicans have, in general, refined their ore by amalgamation; but long as has been their experience in this branch, they are greatly behind the refiners of Saxony, and incur both an unnecessary waste of quicksilver, and a miserable sacrifice of time. Are our countrymen likely to continue the practice of amalgamation, introducing the improved method of the Germans; or will they substitute for it the process of smelting, as practised in Sheffield, and other parts of England? The latter seems more probable, since several of the mining districts in Mexico promise an abundant supply of lead-ore, an ingredient of the first importance in smelting.

We propose, at an early opportunity, to resume this subject, continuing our observations on the mines of Mexico, and laying before our readers some remarks on those of Colombia, which have been so lately brought before the public.

In regard to the probable success of these undertakings, we decline drawing any inference from the favour they have lately experienced on the Stock Exchange; and shall merely remark, that if, under a system, which, whether we look to the raising of the

ore to the surface, or the subsequent process of dressing and refining, was extremely awkward and expensive, these mines proved profitable to the owners, much more are they likely to be so, when wrought with all the aid of capital and science.—*Edinb. Philos. Journ.*

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

The body of Henry the Second lay in state in the Abbey-church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and reproached himself bitterly for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.

Torches were blazing clear,  
Hymns pealing deep and slow,  
Where a King lay stately on his bier,  
In the Church of Fontevraud;  
Banners of battle o'er him hung,  
And warriors slept beneath,  
And light, as noon's broad light, was flung  
On the settled face of Death.  
On the settled face of Death,  
A strong and ruddy glare,  
Though dimm'd at times by the censor's breath,  
Yet it fell still brightest there:  
As if each deeply-furrow'd trace  
Of earthly years to show—  
Alas! that sceptred mortal's race  
Had surely closed in wo!  
The marble floor was swept  
By many a long dark stole,  
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept,  
Sang mass for the parted soul.  
And solemn were the strains they pour'd  
In the stillness of the night,  
With the cross above, and the crown and sword,  
And the silent King in sight.—  
There was heard a heavy clang,  
As of steel-girt men the tread,  
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang  
With a sounding thrill of dread.  
And the holy chaunt was hush'd awhile,  
As by the torch's flame  
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle,  
With a mail-clad leader came.  
He came with haughty look,  
A dark glance high and clear,  
But his proud heart through its breast-plate shook  
When he stood beside the bier.  
He stood there still, with a drooping brow,  
And clasp'd hands o'er it raised;—  
For his Father lay before him low,  
It was Cœur de Lion gazed.  
And silently he strove  
With the workings of his breast;  
But there's more in late repentant love  
Than steel may keep suppress'd.



And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain,—

Men held their breath in awe,  
For his face was seen by his warrior-train,  
And he reck'd not that they saw.

He look'd upon the Dead,  
And sorrow seem'd to lie,  
A weight of sorrow, ev'n as lead,  
Pale on the fast-shut eye.  
He stoop'd—and kiss'd the frozen cheek,  
And the hand of lifeless clay,  
Till bursting words—yet all too weak—  
Gave his soul's passion way.

“Oh, Father! is it vain,  
This late remorse and deep?  
Speak to me, Father! once again!—  
I weep—behold, I weep!  
Alas! my guilty pride and ire!  
Were but this work undone,  
I would give England's crown, my Sire,  
To hear thee bless thy Son.

“Speak to me!—mighty grief—  
Ere now the dust hath stirr'd!  
Hear me! but hear me!—Father, Chief,  
My King! I *must* be heard!—  
Hush'd, hush'd!—how is it that I call,  
And that thou answerest not?  
When was it thus?—Wo, wo for all  
The love my soul forgot!

“Thy silver hairs I see,  
So still, so sadly bright!  
And, Father, Father! but for me,  
They had not been so white!  
I bore thee down, high heart! at last,  
No longer couldst thou strive;—  
Oh! for one moment of the past,  
To kneel and say ‘Forgive!’

“Thou wert the noblest King,  
On royal throne e'er seen;  
And thou didst wear, in knightly ring,  
Of all, the stateliest mien;  
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved,  
In war, the bravest heart—  
Oh! ever the renown'd and loved  
Thou wert—and *there* thou art!

“Thou that my boyhood's guide  
Didst take fond joy to be!—  
The times I have sported at thy side,  
And climb'd thy parent knee!  
And there before the blessed shrine,  
My Sire, I see thee lie,—  
How will that sad still face of thine  
Look on me till I die!”

[*New Monthly Mag.*

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

*Geographical Expeditions.*—1. *Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson's Arctic Expedition.* 2. *African Expedition under Denham and Clapperton.* 3. *Antarctic Voyage of Captain Weddel.* 4. *Russian Voyage along the Northern Shores of Siberia.* 5. *Captain Lyon's Voyage.*

1.—*Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson's Arctic Expedition.*

CAPTAIN Franklin, we are informed, has received most satisfactory letters from the wintering chief factors and traders at Hudson's Bay, expressing their earnest desire to forward his enterprise to the utmost of their power. Part of his expedition, consisting of three canoes with stores from Canada, under direction of a chief trader, was seen in good order, and far advanced on the way to Great Bear Lake, to build a house and lay in stores, and make other arrangements for his reception. Another part of his expedition, consisting of three light-boats, manned by English seamen and Highlanders from the island of Isla, landed at York Factory, and proceeded into the interior, under the conduct of experienced guides, furnished by the Hudson's Bay Company. The crews of these boats will be employed, during the winter, in laying up provisions on Captain Franklin's line of route. They will move on in the spring; but the quicker movements of the commander of the expedition, and the more early opening of the navigation to the southward, will enable him to overtake them before they reach Great Slave Lake. The Fur Company has lately sent exploring parties into the northern ranges of the Rocky Mountains, and opened communications with the Nohanny Indians, of whom little was previously known; and the Esquimaux that frequent the mouth of Mackenzie's River, have intimated through a neighbouring tribe, their desire of opening a trade with the company, who, on their part, have pushed their advanced posts to within three days' march of the sea. These circumstances, combined with good accounts from the various districts, of the supply of provisions, augur well for the success of Captain Franklin's undertaking. The novel display of good feeling on the part of the Esquimaux of those quarters towards the white people, (so different from what is recorded in a former number of this Journal,)\* may, perhaps, have originated in intelligence of Captain Parry's or Captain Franklin's visits having spread along the coast. We hope, that the influence of the European visitors in these quarters, will forever terminate the exterminating warfare betwixt the Esquimaux and Indians. Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson leave England in February next, to proceed by the way of New York to Mackenzie's River. Their course from New York, will be by Lake Erie, Lake Huron, and Lake Superior to Fort-William; and thence by the usual river navigation pursued by the fur traders through the Lake of the

\* Vol. viii. pages 78, and 79.

Woods, Lake Winnipeg, Athapescou Lake, and Great Slave Lake to Mackenzie's River, which they hope to reach about the end of September, and to winter upon a tributary branch, which discharges the waters of Great Bear Lake. Much, we are confident, will be accomplished by these enterprising and distinguished travellers. We are also informed, that Captain Beechy has commissioned the Blossom, for the purpose of going out to meet Captains Parry and Franklin in Behring's Straits.

### 2. *African Expedition under Denham and Clapperton.*

It is asserted in the public journals, that Dr. Oudney's papers had reached London. This statement, we regret to say, is incorrect, as we are informed that not a single paper has as yet been received, but instructions have been sent to our Consul at Tripoli, to make every possible exertion to obtain them, and Lord Bathurst has ordered him to despatch a courier to Bornou for the express purpose. Major Denham, with a carpenter from Malta dock-yard, an extremely useful man, proceeds to the eastward, along the lake which they discovered; and which, by the way, making allowance for the uncertainty of English spelling and pronunciation of African names, is, most likely, the Wangara of Major Rennell.

Lieutenant Clapperton goes to the westward, to satisfy himself that the river which flows into the lake is actually the Niger, its diminished size having caused him to doubt. The information at present gained, tends to confirm Major Rennell's opinion of the waters of the Niger being expended by evaporation from the lakes into which they flow. The story told of the party having suffered from great cold, and from which the inference was drawn, that the country they had reached was greatly elevated, appears to be quite unfounded. If any cold was experienced, it probably originated in evaporation during the night, which often produces a great difference between the day and night, in the sandy deserts of tropical climates. It is incidentally mentioned in Major Denham's communication, that the body of water which lay before them, was a great "fresh-water lake."

### 3.—*Captain Weddel's Voyage towards the South Pole.*

An important and interesting voyage of investigation, to a high southern latitude, has been performed, during the years 1822, 1823, and 1824, by Mr. James Weddel, master in the Royal Navy. An account of this voyage is now in the press, and will soon appear. Captain Weddel has had the goodness to favour us with a notice of his work, from which the following particulars are taken.

The vessels in which this voyage was performed, were the brig Jane, and cutter Beaufoy, of Leith and London; both under the orders of Captain Weddel, by whom the voyage was projected.

He sailed from England on the 17th of September, 1822, and reached Bonavista, one of the Cape de Verdes, on the 15th of October following. In a few days, he proceeded thence to the southward; and on the 11th December, both vessels anchored at

Port St. Elena, on the east side of Patagonia. During the time that Captain Weddel remained at this anchorage, he made several useful observations, chiefly with regard to the harbour, of which he intends to give a plan. Leaving Port St. Elena on the 27th, he proceeded southward; and, on the 12th of January, 1823, arrived in sight of a group of islands, to which Captain Weddel gave the name of South Orkney, in latitude  $60^{\circ} 45'$  S., and  $45^{\circ}$  W. The vessels remained eleven days under sail, examining these islands, which Captain Weddel first fell in with when in search of land, during a former voyage, in the year 1821.

This group he thoroughly investigated, and denominated the eastern extremity Cape Dundas, in honour of the Noble Family of that name. Captain Weddel describes this country as the most sterile and uninviting of any southern land yet discovered. The tops of the islands, for the most part, terminate in craggy towering peaks, and look not unlike the mountain-tops of a sunken land. Professor Jameson has received specimens of the principal strata of which these islands are composed, which he has presented to the Museum of the University of Edinburgh\*.

On the 23d of January, Captain Weddel proceeded southward, amongst innumerable ice-islands, till he reached the latitude of  $65^{\circ}$ . Perceiving no land in this direction, he returned to the latitude  $58^{\circ}$ ; from which he again went south, into the latitude of  $61^{\circ}$  and then ran eastward, till within 100 miles of Sandwich Land.

On the 7th of February he steered to the southward, in expectation of still finding a range of land; which, since the discovery of South Shetland, has been supposed to lie behind these islands, a little within the Antarctic Circle. After passing through an extensive barrier of ice-islands, about fifty miles broad, commencing in the latitude of  $68^{\circ}$ ; on the 20th of February, he actually reached the high latitude of *seventy-four degrees fifteen minutes South*. *Here, with very clear weather, he was astonished to find, that not a single piece of field-ice, and only four ice-islands, were in sight, even as far as the eye could reach from the mast-head.*

The state of the sea in this high southern latitude, must excite considerable wonder in the minds of men of geographical inquiry; who, since the unsuccessful attempt of Captain Cook, to advance beyond the 71st degree, have considered these regions as impenetrable. As this part of the ocean is not known to have been before visited, and has been considered hitherto as unnavigable, Captain Weddel judged proper to confer upon it the name of *The Sea of George the Fourth*, in honour of our Gracious Sovereign. The variation of the compass, Captain Weddel states to have fluctuated a great deal in these high latitudes; which he can account for only by that inactivity which the compass is found to exhibit in corresponding northern latitudes. The lateness of the season,

\* These rocks, as will be described in Captain Weddel's Narrative, belong to the primitive and volcanic classes.

and many concurrent circumstances, compelled Captain Weddel to take advantage of a strong southerly wind to return homewards. On the 15th, he arrived at the island of South Georgia, after a perilous navigation of 1200 miles, amongst ice-islands.

While lying at Georgia, he observed a tremulous motion in a mountain situated on the south side of the island. He discovered this by remarking, that the surface of the quicksilver in an artificial horizon was much agitated; although not the least breath of wind, nor any other ostensible cause of the phenomenon existed. After calling at the Falkland Islands, in October following, the vessel visited the coast of South Shetland, and found its harbours unapproachable, on account of ice.

On their way homewards they made a stay of nearly two months among the islands of Terra del Fuego; during which Captain Weddel had many opportunities of acquiring accurate information regarding the character of the natives, as well as of ascertaining the conveniency which this coast affords for shipping. They arrived in England on the 7th of July 1824, after a hazardous voyage of nearly two years.

#### 4.—*Russian Expedition along the Northern Shores of Siberia.*

The Russian Government had long formed the project of exploring the north coast of Siberia. M. de S. was sent out for this purpose; but his researches were extremely limited, and he only described a part of the coast, to a distance of about a hundred versts beyond the eastern part of the Kolyma. Toward the year 1822, it was resolved to send out a new expedition for exploring these countries. Three young officers, MM. Wrangel, Anjou, and Matuchkin, were charged with it: they were occupied four years in it, and justified the confidence of the Government, by the courage, prudence, and zeal, which they evinced in the discharge of this duty. They succeeded in making a description of the whole north coast of Siberia, in despite of numerous obstacles, the extreme rigour of the climate, and the dangers to which they were exposed; for the Tchouktchis had already destroyed two detachments sent out for the same purpose. M. Anjou has described the coast from the Uralian Chain, or from the river Ob to the Kolyma, the other two gentlemen from the Kolyma to the promontory to the Tchouktchis. Not content with exploring the coast, these travellers made an excursion also toward the north, over an extent of continuous ice, to the place where the sea is open, which forms nearly five hundred versts, of the coast of Behring's Straits. It was in this place, which faces the eastern part of the north coast, and is inhabited by the reindeer Tchouktchis, that they perceived mountains at a distance of about a hundred versts. M. Wrangel conceived the project of getting to them. He was already pretty near, when the piece of ice on which he was placed became detached from the mass, and he was tossed about by the waves for five days in succession, with seven other persons, his

dogs and equipage, until at length, after they had been several times upon the point of being swallowed up, the piece of ice was again united to the mass. There is a tradition among the Tchouktchis, that the strait which separates them from the opposite shore, towards the north, was not covered with ice, and that the inhabitants formerly traversed it in *baydars*, a sort of boat. They relate that a period, not very remote, (for all the inhabitants remember it still,) some Tchouktchis, to the number of seven or eight, accompanied with a woman, crossed the ice to go toward these mountains to fish for morse, and that a long time after, the woman returned to the country by the way of the Kurile Isles, and brought the news that her companions had been all massacred. This woman was sold into another part of the country, and after having passed from hand to hand, was carried to Prince of Wales's Land, from whence she found means of returning to her own country. From this account, it is to be supposed, that the country which Wrangel had in view to visit, is nothing else than an island. The people who inhabit the islands nearest Siberia, make use of reindeer, which renders it probable that they are only a colony of Tchouktchis, more especially as their languages are much allied. The Tchouktchis are in general large and well made; they have regular features, their nose is not flat, but their cheeks are very prominent. Our travellers also saw other islands which they named New Siberia. The route which they took to get to them may be seen upon the chart of the famous pedestrian traveller Cochrane, where it is traced with great fidelity. They made very extensive excursions in all directions, but saw no land. In their land-journeys they rode upon horses or reindeer, but they preferred the former. With regard to sledge-travelling with reindeer, it is very convenient upon ice. They made use of a sort of large sledge called *narta*, drawn by twelve or thirteen dogs; these animals were always of great use to them, in defending them from the white and black bears, and wolves, as well as by their astonishing sagacity. Their instinct always led them to find the best road, and when the travellers thought themselves strayed, the dogs brought them back to the way. The sagacity of these animals was such, that after having made a number of turns, they took the shortest way to return. The travellers passed several weeks upon the ice, sometimes upon enormous pieces covered with grey snow, sometimes upon thinner layers, which frequently separate from the mass, so as to be carried along by the current, and tossed about by the waves. In these critical moments, the dogs rendered them innumerable services; in the places where the ice was thick, they ran with rapidity upon the snow, barked, bit one another, and appeared intractable; but as soon as the route became dangerous, they became gentle, circumspect and docile; they often walked upon pieces of ice, which were not more than half an inch thick with the greatest precaution, and seemed to advance only according to the order of the person carried in the sledge. MM. Wran-



gel and Matuchkin remained once for seventy days upon the ice, at a distance of several hundred versts from the shore. They were attended by several *nartas* laden with provisions; they buried these provisions under the snow and ice, and continued their journey, carrying with them what was absolutely necessary; and when their provisions were exhausted, they returned for what they had left. They did not fail to make astronomical observations wherever they could, but the fogs often prevented them. These fogs were so thick, that our travellers, drawn in their sledge, sometimes could not see the dogs which drew them. Frequently snow-storms overwhelmed the tents which served for their abode, and it was with much difficulty, when the storm abated, that they got themselves extricated. During the months of November, December, and January, when the intensity of the cold became insupportable, our travellers took refuge in felt cabins or tents, where the water froze upon the floor, and the ice rose to the height of upwards of two feet. A mass of ice, about five inches thick, served them for a window. In this icy region, the earth produced only heath and a sort of plant peculiar to the country; in summer, the sun did not leave the horizon for two months, and in winter, it did not appear for the same period of time. The maximum heat, in the middle of summer, is about fifteen degrees of Reaumur's thermometer; it freezes at night or when the sun is upon the decline. The dazzling whiteness of the snow produced diseases of the eyes; the natives wear a sort of mask formed of the bark of trees, in which very narrow slits are made for the eyes. The Russian officers wore a piece of crape folded four times; at the beginning they neglected to avail themselves of this contrivance, and were rendered nearly blind; they learned, however, to cure this malady, by introducing tobacco oil into the eyes, a remedy which, although effectual, has the disadvantage of exciting acute pain. Their ordinary food consisted of fish, and reindeer, and bear's flesh; this last had the property of strengthening them, but it also produced violent agitation in the blood, and prevented them from sleeping. The natives are poor, do not practise any trade, and have no other occupation than that of fishing and hunting; yet there are Russian merchants who go to these countries for trade.—*Revue Encyc.* Oct. 1821.

#### 5.—*Captain Lyon's Voyage.*

Captain Lyon has been forced back to England by stress of weather, and the badness of his vessel. He found Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome much narrower than laid down in the charts, and full of shoals, but saw no ice in it. Southampton Island is broader than it was thought to be, or perhaps consists of several islands. Corrections have been made in the positions of some of the capes in Hudson's Straits. Captain Lyon's Narrative, in small octavo, with plates, comes out shortly: it will, we doubt not, like his former work, prove interesting.—*Edinb. Philos. Journ.*

## SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

*On the Illuminating Power of Coal-Gas.* By ADAM ANDERSON, Esq. A. M. F. R. S. E. Rector of the Academy, Perth.

THERE is no subject, perhaps, capable of being investigated in a rigid and scientific manner, with respect to which there seems to be so great a diversity of opinion, as that relating to the comparative illuminating power of oil and coal-gas. Though the gaseous products concerning which we have so many discordant statements, are publicly and daily exhibited in almost every quarter of the empire, and though the properties of both have attracted from men of science more than a due share of attention, it is not a little singular, that, amidst the multiplicity of facts which have been laid before the public, none has yet been adduced of a nature sufficiently decisive to fix, beyond dispute, the relative values of the rival gases. In such circumstances, I cannot imagine that any thing which I may communicate on the subject will set the matter at rest; but as I have some practical knowledge, not only of the manipulations by which the gases are produced and purified, but also of their chemical constitution and mechanical properties, it would be an affectation of modesty were I not to claim some degree of authority for the facts which I am about to state.

The gas which was the subject of the experiments I have to describe, was manufactured, in the ordinary way, at the Perth Coal-Gas-Work,—an establishment that was planned and executed under my directions, and respecting which, it may be proper to mention, that the whole of the arrangements for the production of the gas, (the separation of the tar, and the other purifying processes,) are essentially different from those of any other gas-work in the kingdom. In this brief notice, it is not my design to enter upon details, but merely to request your permission to lay before the public, through the medium of the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, a few general results that may contribute something, at least, to the stock of information which is already in their possession. For this purpose, it will be sufficient to state, that the whole number of retorts at present in constant operation at the Perth Gas-Work is only three; while the number of lamps of various kinds, to which these retorts are found to afford an abundant supply of gas, is 650, including, however, nearly 100 which are only lighted on Sundays in churches. The lamps are of the following descriptions:

1 Jet	52
2 do.	94
3 do.	80
5 and 7 Cockspurs	7
Batwings	22
Argands, 10 holes	221
Do. 14 do.	125
Do. 18 do.	24
Do. 22 do.	26

From this statement it appears, that a single retort at the Perth Gas Manufactory, is capable of affording an ample supply of gas to about 200 lamps, the greater number of which are Argands, and many of them batwings, burning upwards of twelve hours daily. This result, so very different from the number of burners supplied by a single retort in other places,\* I ascribe to two causes: In the first place, to a more thorough decomposition of the coal, arising from the peculiar manner in which the retorts are set; and, in the second place, to a more effectual separation of the tar and other noxious products than has hitherto been effected by the modes of purification usually employed.

With regard to the gas itself, I shall avail myself of your indulgence to give the result of a considerable number of experiments, which I performed with a great deal of care, in order to determine its illuminating power, in reference to that of a Kensington candle of the description termed "short sixes." The first column shows the kind of burner; the 2d the number of cubic inches of gas consumed per hour; the 3d the number of candles to which the light was equal, as determined by the method of shadows; and the 4th the number of inches per hour which corresponded to the light of one candle.

Burners.	No. cubic inches consumed per hour.	No. of Candles giving an equal Light.	No. Cubic Inches giving a Light equal to a Candle.
3 Jet	2074	6	346
Argand 5 holes	2592	8	324
Do. 10 do.	3798	12	316½
Do. 14 do.	5940	19½	308
Do. 18 do.	6804	21	324

The mean of these results is, that 323½ cubic inches of the Perth coal-gas afford a light equal to that of a candle for an hour. Now, according to Mr. Milne's inquiries at different oil-gas manufactories, taken in connexion with his own experiments, it appears, that a burner consuming 1 cubic foot of oil-gas per hour, yields a light equal to that of 8 candles; or, which is the same thing, 216 cubic inches of oil-gas afford, during the same time, a light equal to one candle. From these data, it follows, that the volume of oil-gas, is to that of the Perth coal-gas, giving an equal degree of light, as 216 to 323½, or in the ratio of 1 to 1½.

This conclusion, though agreeing in substance with the results obtained by Mr. Leslie and Dr. Fyfe, must not be extended, however, to every species of coal-gas; as it cannot be doubted that the quality of carburetted hydrogen, obtained from pit-coal, must be

\* One retort supplies gas to about 100 burners in Edinburgh; to 45 in London; to 31 in Berwick, &c.

greatly affected, not only by the nature of the coal from which it is procured, but, in no small degree, by the purifying processes to which it is subjected. It is to these circumstances, that we must ascribe the very opposite statements, respecting the comparative illuminating powers of oil and coal-gas, which are now pressed upon the public attention, with an anxiety which betrays more of the monopolizing jealousy of commerce, than of the spirit of a liberal and enlightened philosophy.

*To Professor Jameson.*

Perth, Dec. 15, 1824.

[*Edinb. Philos. Journal*]

#### SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

#### RAIL-WAYS.

THE rage of the last month has been a mania for rail-roads. The strong feeling of interest and curiosity which this subject is now exciting in the public mind; the variety of companies which are daily forming, to connect, by means of rail-ways, the most important mercantile and manufacturing stations in the kingdom; the secret opposition which is now vigorously exerting itself on the part of interested bodies, with any object in view but the public good; seem to point out the propriety of setting before the public a general view of the advantages which rail-ways are likely to furnish, and to direct their attention to the quarters whence opposition may be expected.

On a well made road a horse will draw one ton, in a cart weighing about 7cwt., or about 3000lb., at a rate of two miles an hour. On a rail-way of the best construction he will draw, at the same rate of travelling, about 15 tons; let us call this 30,000lb. for the convenience of having round numbers; and on a canal he will draw about 30 tons in a boat weighing 15 tons, or about 90,000lb. Hence, on a rail-way, the draught of a horse is *ten times*, and on a canal *thirty times*, as great as on a well made road. Now a rail-way costs about *three times*, and a canal about *nine times*, as much as a good road; and it is probable that the expense of keeping them in repair, is in proportion to the original outlay. It is obvious, therefore, if rail-ways should come into general use, that the expense of transporting commodities will be about two-thirds less than on the best roads.

With respect to the advantages of a rail-way over a canal, which is the question here principally at issue, we may observe, in the first place, that if a horse power effect three times as much on a canal as on a rail-way, the original cost and subsequent repairs of a canal are about three times as great; consequently, a canal will require about the same rates or dues to repay the proprietors as a rail-way. It must next be observed, that this comparison relates entirely to the transporting of goods *at two miles an hour*. Now

it is easy to show, that so long as horse power is employed on canals, and they are not sufficiently deep and broad to admit the application of steam, this rate of transporting goods cannot be increased without an increase of freight, which would entirely destroy their superiority over roads. We have seen that a horse will draw about 90,000lb. at the rate of two miles an hour. If we increase the velocity of the boat the resistance will also be increased, and with amazing rapidity. *The resistance of a fluid increases as the square of the velocity.* Since, 90,000lb., therefore, is drawn at the rate of two miles an hour by one horse;

At 4 miles an hour it would require 4 horses.

6	-	-	-	9
8	-	-	-	16
12	-	-	-	36

Or,

At 4 miles an hour, the draught of 1 horse will be about 22,000lb.

6	-	-	-	-	-	10,000
8	-	-	-	-	-	5,000
12	-	-	-	-	-	2,000

In this computation it is assumed that the draught of a horse is the same at two, four, six, and eight miles an hour. In fact, however, its draught diminishes very rapidly as its velocity increases, a great portion of its strength being exhausted in supporting its velocity. If 100lb. measure the force of traction of a horse, when travelling at the rate of two miles an hour, then will this power be reduced to 64lb. when he travels at the rate of four miles an hour; and for higher rates of travelling it diminishes still more rapidly. Here the draught of a horse on a canal, at the rate of four miles an hour, is little more than 12,000lb. It is needless to push this inquiry any farther; it is quite clear that goods can never be transported on a canal at a rate exceeding two or two and a half miles an hour. Let us see now what will be the effect of an increased rate of travelling on a rail-way. And here we shall arrive at a series of conclusions diametrically opposite to those we have deduced for canals. The resistance to communication of motion on a rail-way arises from the friction and the resistance of the air. For any rate of travelling which is likely to be adopted, 8, 10, or 12 miles an hour, the resistance arising from the atmosphere is very trifling compared with that due to the friction. We shall, therefore, altogether neglect its consideration. *The resistance due to the friction is proportional only to the pressure. It is entirely independent of the velocity.* This is the grand circumstance which distinguishes a rail-way from a canal, and which gives the former such an immense advantage over the latter. On a canal, by increasing the velocity of the boat, we increase the resistance to its motion at a very rapid rate; by increasing the velocity on a rail-way, the resistance is not at all increased; it is, if any thing, rather diminished. Abstracting from consideration the resistance of the air, the very force which impels a body at two miles an hour, may, by very sim-

ple contrivances, be made to impel it at ten or twelve miles an hour. If we apply to the body to be moved on a rail-way a force just equal to the resistance due to the friction, it will not move; it will be exactly in a state of equilibrium. But the smallest increase of force will put it in motion. If this small increase of force be a constantly acting force, like that due to steam, its motion will be continually accelerated, and would, ultimately, become greater than any assignable limit. Here we see the advantage of steam power; animal power could never be so applied as to produce this effect; because, as the velocity of the vehicle increases, the draught of animal power is diminished, becoming small indeed when it reaches the velocity of ten or twelve miles an hour. When the vehicle has attained any proposed velocity, whether that velocity be generated in the first instance by the continued action of the impelling force, or by any other means, it is merely necessary, in order that it should retain that velocity, that there should be an impelling force just sufficient to overcome the friction and the resistance to the air. Hence, *on a rail-way, the expenditure of force due to a velocity of ten or twelve miles an hour, is very little more than that due to a velocity of two miles an hour.* This is the grand mechanical advantage which a rail-road possesses over a canal. But it is on the application of steam, and on a consequent capacity of maintaining a *constant action*, however great the velocity of the vehicle, that this advantage depends. Without steam a rail-way would be of no use; it would possess no superiority over a canal. Animal power could not have been applied with any advantageous effect, because its draught diminishes so rapidly with an increase of velocity.

Another point in which a rail-road is very superior to a canal consists in this—that being subject to none of the difficulties which occur in the construction of canals, it can always be made in a direct line, and will commonly be the shortest distance between two given stations. Between Liverpool and Manchester, for instance, the distance by the three lines of water conveyance is upwards of 50 miles; by a rail-road it will only be 33 miles: thus one-third of the entire distance is saved, a circumstance which will be found to be nearly true of all the principal lines of road and canal in the kingdom. The conveyance on canals too is frequently obstructed in summer from an imperfect supply of water, and in winter from being frozen up. Again, goods transported on a rail-way are free from all the risks and damages incident to water conveyance. This is no imaginary evil. On the canals between Liverpool and Manchester, goods are exposed to the most violent storms and adverse winds, during a passage of 18 miles in the tide-way of the Mersey. For days together, when the wind blows strong from the north and south, these vessels cannot move against it. Packages of goods intended for exportation are frequently very materially damaged, but they are polished up previous to shipment, and pass inspection. On being opened in a foreign market, the secret is discovered, and an



average is the consequence; and the underwriters are called upon to pay a loss against which they never insured, for which they received no premium.

It is asserted by some that a few hours gained in speed is of no importance. The establishment of vans on all the principal roads in the kingdom within a very short period of time is a practical answer to this, better than a thousand arguments. Is it not equally certain that for no other reason than despatch and certainty of delivery, spinners and dealers are constantly in the habit of carting both raw and manufactured produce to a very great extent, at an expense four or five times what it would be on a rail-way; and, after all, at a considerably slower pace?

A canal can be employed only in conveying goods; a rail-way is equally applicable to the conveyance of passengers and goods. Their establishment will enable us to travel at least one-third more rapidly than we can by any existing conveyance, and at one-half the expense. We can travel now, for instance, from London to York, a distance of 200 miles, in about four or five and twenty hours, at an expense of five guineas; the establishment of a rail-road from London to Edinburgh, which would pass not very far from York, would enable us to accomplish the same distance in 15 or 16 hours, at an expense of little more than two guineas.

Great, however, and manifest as are the advantages presented by this mode of conveyance, it is not to be expected that rail-ways will meet no opposition. There always are a set of people whose interest it is that things should remain as they are. Canal and coach proprietors are evidently among this class in the present instance; and we shall doubtless hear from these quarters a great deal about vested rights. These parties will infallibly join and exert whatever influence they possess to stop this growing evil. Improvements must always injure some class or other of individuals, and it is in human nature that they should deprecate and oppose the progress of such improvements. The introduction of the art of printing threw a vast number of manuscript copiers out of employment, and we can pardon that state of irritation and prejudice which represented this noble discovery as a fragment of the black art, an engine of Satan. But we need not pass to so remote a period, or seek illustration from arts so little analogous as that of which we have been speaking; the inhabitants in the vicinity of London at one time petitioned Parliament to prevent the extension of turnpike-roads; they wanted to retain the monopoly for the supply of that city with their own produce. About the year 1745, when canals were projected, multitudes of pamphlets were published to show their impolicy. Turnpike trustees and the owners of pack-horses saw danger to their interests, and they persuaded the land-owners that canals would supersede the use of horses, and diminish the consumption of hay and oats. These parties joined, and, by their representation, that the internal navigation would destroy the coasting trade, and thereby injure our nursery for sea-

men, succeeded for a time in preventing several important undertakings, and, among others, the Trent and Mersey Navigation. Yet what has been the effect of canals? They have increased our trade, commerce, and manufactures; horses have gone on increasing in numbers and quality, and consequently the consumption of hay and oats; the coasting trade has increased, and our nursery for seamen enlarged. Canals have done well for the country; but we have now got something that will do better. Cheaper and more expeditious modes of conveyance are now presenting themselves in the advancing march of science and art. The powers of steam have been developed to an extent that our ancestors would have wisely deemed visionary. In its application to our manufactures, it has multiplied our resources and our productive industry incalculably—it has been applied to navigation, and steam-boats have superseded all the coasting packets in the kingdom. It has now been ascertained that it can be applied to the propelling and dragging of goods on a rail-road, at a far cheaper and more expeditious rate than can be accomplished by any other means. And its employment for this purpose cannot long be delayed. The struggles of a set of canal proprietors and other interested bodies may obstruct its introduction for a time, but they cannot finally prevent it. The interests of a great body of people, enlightened and enterprising as the population of Great Britain, cannot long be thwarted by any private cabals. In a country where every species of intelligence is diffused with such universality and rapidity, the march of improvement cannot be permanently arrested. If it could, or if it were, we should in vain hope long to maintain our boasted superiority in commerce and manufactures. Were we to trample upon the discoveries of our mechanics and engineers, other countries would not suffer them to lie dormant and uncultivated. Rail-roads have already excited the strongest feelings of interest in America, that theatre where every faculty of human nature and every discovery in art and science is developed with such miraculous energy. They are undergoing discussion at the seat of government, and letters from Washington are full of inquiries concerning them. The Emperor of Russia has obtained a model of the locomotive engine, and at the present moment has a professional agent employed in investigating the rail-roads of the north.—*Edinb. Philos. Journ.*

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SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

*On the Uses of the Mustachial Bristles of Animals, by Vrolick of Amsterdam.*

BEING CONVINCED (says Vrolick) that the mustaches of several mammifera, such as the seal and cats, are peculiar organs of touch, I made choice of the rabbit for trying some experiments upon the subject. This animal passing the greater part of its life in war-

rens, where the light cannot penetrate, this circumstance seemed to me to render it better adapted for the object of the inquiries which I had proposed to myself, its mustaches being also long and pretty numerous. I found in this animal the same division and distribution of the nervous filaments in the bulbs of the mustaches as in seals and cats in general, a circumstance which removed all my doubts with regard to the use of these parts. However, not contented with this proof, derived from analogy of structure, I wished to make some direct experiments, of which the following are the results. I arranged upon the floor of a large room a quantity of books, in such a manner as to form a sort of labyrinth, through which an animal of moderate size could with difficulty find a passage. I placed a rabbit in the middle of this labyrinth, having previously taken care to produce such a degree of darkness, as to render it impossible to distinguish any object whatever. On admitting the light a few moments after, I found the animal escaped from its prison, after finding a passage through the whole of these books, without having overturned or displaced one of them, although they were placed so near to one another that the smallest shock would have been sufficient to make them fall. In order to determine whether its sight had enabled the animal to escape from its prison, I tied up its eyes first with a piece of linen, which I tightened well, and made several folds of, and afterwards with a piece of crape folded double, and bound down, to prevent all mistakes, by means of a crucial bandage. In both cases the animal walked with great ease among the books, without knocking against any thing, even when forced to accelerate its progress. I was very curious to observe, during this experiment, the motion of the head, by which the animal seemed to have in view to measure the distance of objects; when it approached them, it touched them with the extremity of its mustaches. In order to remove all doubt from my mind, I cut the mustaches situated at the side of the head, and those placed around the eyes. The animal was bound up again as it had been before, but now it seemed afraid to move; it knocked against the books, overturned several of them, and could only escape by sliding along, as a blind man would do who directed himself by a wall.—*Edinb. Philos. Journ.*

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